MIDSUMMER NEWS AND NOVELTIES

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Forget Me Not.

Forget thee! though the golden band be broken,
The silver cord be loosed and cast all now;
Forget thee! though the last farewell be spoken,
The last kiss pressed upon the clay-cold brow!
I'll ne'er forget thee! years may roll on ever
And worldly cares and joys may ease my pain;
Engulfed by careless ease and idle pleasure,
I listened for base dross the gift divine.
And now, in cold obstruction thou art lying,
My loving heart quite stilled in Death's deep sleep,
And I live on. And, though I watched thee dying,
Must still live on. Still o'er this dull earth creep,
And eat, and drink and laugh. Though that is hollow
And has not now the ring of former days,
But rest is very near. I soon must follow
Thy steps to that o'er which mortal gaze
Can never fathom, thought ne'er comprehend;
But in whose depths mysterious all things living
Had their beginning and must have their end;
The triple womb of fertile Nature, giving,
Destroying and preserving—three in one.
That is and was, and shall be still forever
When space is vacant and the glorious sun
Extinguished, and the stars illume us never,
And earth, and sea, and sky their course have run.
But till that time, thy memory shall be holden
Deep in my heart of hearts, most sacred spot.
And till I snap the last slight linklet golden
Of life's frail chain—I will forget thee not.

—FRED LYSTER.

A Wild Dream.

BY SELINA DELARO.

Hell is a queer place, a very queer place—at least I found it so. How do I know? What do I mean? I'll tell you; but you mustn't ask too many questions or you will destroy my train of memories.

I repeat, Hell is a queer place, and not at all the sort of a place one would imagine it to be. The gentleman who plays the devil there is a genial person who appears to pass his time in teaching a moral and a-downing—I mean adoring—a tail. (How flippant; it shan't occur again.) By the way, I wonder if all the people who tell other people to go to the devil have been there, and, finding him as genial as I did, mean to be philanthropists? But this is beside the question. This is how it happened:

Ever since a friend of mine wrote a novel, which was bought and published, I have been pursued with a desire to do likewise. Why should my friend be able to do more than I? It must be very simple. It only needs a little thought. Bosh! There's no reason in the world why I should not do anything I want to, think I, with my accustomed modesty. Having thus decided, I prepared my writing material the other night. My fortunate friend whose book is bought (I regard him in consequence with somewhat the respect and awe one feels for an Indian god with two changes of under-linen), writes on ragged, sometimes torn, bits of paper, with a badly sharpened pencil. I have a magnificent antique desk covered with very elaborate brass ornaments which stick into your knees when you sit down to write and provide endless entertainment in the way of speculation as to which is the *only* way you may sit with comfort, for there must be *one* way; but this is a detail. Its beauty must be inspiring, comfort but a secondary consideration. I prepared delicious rose-tinted, odorful paper. My pens and ink are faultless. I thought over "Ouida's" prismatic predilection, and imbued with which, by way of preparation, "I lighted a perfumed cigarette from the amber light of the crimson taper burning at my side. I poured out for myself a draught of purple Burgundy that seemed to gush and sparkle and bubble into life, as tho' it would cry aloud: 'I am the heart's blood of the time. Drink me, and take me to your heart and so mingle our life-stream.'" "I poured it into a rare old Venetian goblet that had kissed the ruby lips of the luscious loved ones of kings and emperors." I touched my lips to the glistening drops, and as wreaths of the fleecy blue clouds I lazily exhaled floated up in sinuous voluptuousness, caressing all they met and enveloping all in shadowy garments of indefinite fabric, I took up my pen (jewelled in eight holes), dipped it in the sable fluid, and—and—I felt I must have forty winks if I died for it. Fingers would close. Instead of fighting the temptation, I deposed myself comfortably, charmed by the thought that I should be in splendid form when I awakened to begin my plan.

I sank into a delicious state, which did not seem to be sleep, nor was I awake; but which appeared to be dream-laden dreamland. I sank deeper. It seemed a most perfect kind of travel, with no sense of fear—just as one feels on awakening from a dream, laughing outright without knowing why, but sensible of pleasant things. So I felt in my dream-journey. I travelled for indescribable time in indescribable space, passing no Limbos or Purgatories. All was grateful lethargy. My journey ceased. I was in a strange apartment in a very cosy chair. I did not appear to be in anyone's way. No one noticed me. On the opposite side of the room, at a table apparently set for breakfast, sat a lady and gentleman. It did not appear strange to me that the gentleman, who was a regretful, weary-looking person, should carry a tail of the orthodox fish-hook pattern, or that a hood should peep out from beneath a rather gorgeous dressing-gown. Oh, and the horns were there—in fact, a regulation devil from horn to hoof. All this did not astonish me; but I remember the one thing that struck me as curious was to see him reading, with apparent avidity, a report of the last outrage of the Irish Invincibles, and from remarks he made from time to time, between sips of what looked like a kind of luminous coffee, I gathered the gist of the report, which was an attempt to make the Queen of England, with her crown on and all the Irish peers in their coronets, march in procession down Whitehall, carrying "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls" in one hand, a shillelah in the other, and singing at top-shout "The Wearing of the Green." They appeared to have succeeded in getting the procession from Westminster to the Horse Guards, when the Queen stopped, refusing to go any farther; and with that marvellous power of saying the right thing at the right moment to the right person which characterizes the royal family of Great Britain, as all who know any member of it can testify, the Queen, with some impatience, exclaimed "Begorra!" or "Be jabers!"—I can't remember which. Then James Gordon Bennett stepped up and spread his Newmarket coat across the gutter, saying, "May I ever rally (Raleigh) thus," at the same time presenting her with a copy of the New York *Evening Telegram*, Extra, containing a report of the procession then in progress, after which he insisted on reading to the Peers the editorial lately published in the New York *Herald* to the effect that the Lords' petition for a Government loan clearly demonstrated their avarice in ever having received payment for their own property, and the very proper state of poverty to which they were reduced by such non-payment was thoroughly deserved. Further, that it was right and just for all people to benefit by their possessions, except the rascally Irish landlords; and, finally, that he, James Gordon Bennett, received every penny from his property, so what had they to complain of?

The Devil here took a deep draught of the luminous drink beside him, as though he would wash away the anger he seemed to feel at reading the foregoing paragraph. His occasional remarks proved him such a firm Conservative that my heart warmed to him. I was about to shake him by the hand, wishing to show my appreciation of his steadfast principles, when the lady, who had hitherto kept silence (evidently being deeply engrossed in perusing some document), spoke in a querulous tone, still looking at the paper she held. Said she: "What! more brimstone?" And then appeared too angry to proceed. I thought it a little odd that they should be reduced to discuss such simple domestic questions with the evident earnestness they did. There was a slight pause, when the Devil, having assured himself the lady had nothing further to say, said in a soft, conciliatory voice that was almost cooing in its sweetness: "My dear, I really cannot help it. Chicago has been so very exacting of late, and I am afraid, Pet, you will be vexed when you know that the gridirons are becoming dreadfully worn. Styx told me this morning that it would be quite impossible to accommodate any fresh clients till we had a complete overhauling—unless they provided their own gridiron."

"Nonsense!" broke in the lady. "Since that ridiculous affair with Eurydice, when she was kitchen-maid here, Styx has been worse than useless." Another pause. The lady gave me the impression that she was seeking to institute a grievance. She had some object, I was sure, from her manner, which implied irritability—more, I thought, as to the result of some as yet unexpressed desire, than at the trivialities of the moment. She was evidently taking a circuitous road to a given point. I wondered why she beat about the bush, she seemed so very much breeches. Having exhausted my reflections as to her motive, I turned my attention to trying to remember what Styx had to do with Eurydice. For the life of me I could not recall any such association, except some slight similarity in Offenbach's Orpheus. This part-solution did not satisfy me. I was overtaken by an intense desire to show the gentlemen I knew all about him and his surroundings. I wanted to get up and say: "No! no! this is all wrong. There is no such myth as Johnny Styx, who was made by Meilhac and Halevy, the clever librettists of Offenbach's Orpheus. Styx was the river and Charon the boatmen, and if you are so hard up that your boatman must be valet, butler, stoker and chambermaid, for aught I know, why, all right; but don't call him Styx. It confuses me. It annoys me. It upsets my mental equilibrium."

I couldn't help reflecting how vastly different the whole place was from what I had expected to find it. It was a blow to my feelings to find the weird, dignified Personage replaced by a common, ordinary, every-day domestic shrew. Where were all the familiar memories of the classical past? I inwardly resolved to profit by this singular experience, and my commercial spirit "throbbed to its joy," as I thought of the millions I might make from revising the classics. For to my mind at that moment it seemed to me that this revision was the most indispensable thing on earth. I don't know how far I had expended the millions I had made by this means—in my mind's eye—when the conversation of the lady and gentleman recalled me to them. They had evidently settled the housekeeping question. Whether she had ordered a fresh battery cuisine, and given carte blanche for sulphur, I know not. I had missed much of their conversation while dreaming over the commercial profits to be derived from passing experience. There was a great change in the lady's voice and manner. The shrewishness had disappeared, which con-

ELLEN TERRY.

firmed my impression that she had been acting, and convinced me that she was securing her point. I listened with the deepest attention. I must mention here that my state had somewhat changed, much to my annoyance. I felt constrained to interfere when anything went differently to what I expected—a beastly argumentative feeling that I dreaded even while I could not dismiss. The lady was saying: "Nickey, dear, why not take a rest? Russia is going on very well, and I am sure England is all you could possibly desire and will not require any further attention for some time. Pardon my saying so, Love, but your treatment is a little coarse for the present day. You mustn't forget that the Nihilists have quite discounted combustibles. Now my line will be to kill every fresh hope by utter disillusion. Every love and sentiment shall be destroyed till loss of faith, distrust in all things, shall bring such weariness of spirit as will make your dear old-fashioned match-box a Paradise." She ceased and waited to feel what effect she had made. He replied with some asperity: "Don't be so flippant in your expressions. I approve your idea, which is new, and we could colleague. I suggest [illegible] the world—I mean brimstone—is played out."

He seemed overjoyed at this slip from the proving her for her fealty. He continued: "I have spent fifth in your powers of discrimination. You are a woman; but the more determined you being by that which is common to you, the more surely will you, to gratify your own heart which will be crushed. Remember a heart can break other hearts."

His tone, while delivering this speech, was such as could leave no doubt as to its import. I thought it was cold, more being one to relish that theory, but refrained from interrupting with some difficulty. Like every woman, she said nothing. Her silence roused me who would gain her point. I determined to enjoy her confidence. The [illegible] gratefully: "Sublime Stranger, to whom all pilgrims from Asmodeus congregate for satisfaction," "Just the same," interrupted the lady; "they are young and simple dears, as the story runs. I saw in the [illegible] urgent call from Bismarck, where they expect to have out-Englished England. Let me lay hand at Liverpool." I thought [illegible] was getting on very well without me to the utmost. "Well, ——" where [illegible] in the gentleman's voice, "you [illegible] Newport; but I warn you that is [illegible] the blue eyes of the Misses [illegible] unconsciously following in the steps of [illegible] fal rules of women, rule just now, [illegible] man's work, who think vulgar [illegible] eloquence and wit; who think [illegible] otherwise given them a right to [illegible] with a freedom from all [illegible] which have hitherto been [illegible] one pressing against the [illegible] and I tell you they will [illegible] I give you the power you ask, you will [illegible] prove what I always ask you, that woman can go so far and no further; that despite [illegible] things your greatest discoverers have [illegible] need helmet. Once you have, philosophy [illegible] become to you the theory [illegible] woman. You shall go where you will."

"Done," said the lady with glee, at the same time ringing a bell. At this moment the Devil looked for the first time in my direction. The gleam in his eye was baleful. All the [illegible] fantasticisms of Alex. Henderson, [illegible] and Neil Sothern shone to their greatest once saw a curious gem which [illegible] Jumbo Davis' diamonds mounted by a [illegible] said, which outlined everything in [illegible] liquid light. This was the nearest [illegible] I ever saw that could be likened to [illegible] look the Devil cast on me. I tried to [illegible] The intensity pained me. "Bring in the [illegible] bath," he shouted, "and [illegible] No words could express the terror I felt when, to my relief, the lady answered [illegible] her order giving and looked at the [illegible] She said to the attendant in a [illegible] pressed voice: "Never mind getting my [illegible] can go." Exit servant. She turned to the Devil: "So you thought you had got rid of me. You are at your old tricks; but I don't go. Newport may go to the ——" She paused [illegible] for a destination, and grew more angry [illegible] second. The preparations outside were progressing; there was a flushing over the [illegible] me with apprehension. I no longer [illegible] on anything; I saw or heard all; was [illegible] in one vast ocean of fear; flakes of [illegible] some vapor seemed to suffocate me. The Devil replied, by saying to the lady: "I didn't ask you to go. You insisted on going, and now, woman-like, when you've got your way, you don't want it. The Ride lady" (pointing in my direction) "can keep your [illegible] during your absence, and I think can [illegible] about."

The lady could only say, "I am not going." She blazed with fury. He was apparently [illegible] me when she interrupted him. She stood between us, becoming each moment more [illegible] she glowed; she was assuming a [illegible] appearance; she appeared to be [illegible] The heat grew [illegible] The fearful storm of anger caused me unconsciously [illegible] to him. He strove to approach me. His size was growing [illegible] He came nearer, she clinging to him with desperate force.

I tried to move as they came nearer, and escape seemed hopeless, when a thought occurred that in all such emergencies Warner's Safe Cure as advertised by Hiram Granger must be infallible. I felt in my pocket and brought forth a bottle. I drew the cork, and was about to raise it to my lips when an unexpected diversion occurred.

The Devil shouted: "He's [illegible] apple." In answer to which some one roared: "Colonel Ingersoll would be glad of a few minutes' conversation with your Lordship."

At the name of Ingersoll my courage revived. I knew he would take care of me; I have always worshipped him, and should long ago have made his acquaintance had I not feared he might misunderstand me. In their joy at Ingersoll's arrival they forgot me. With a terrible effort I rose and rushed in the direction I supposed Ingersoll to be; but before I could get past the Devil the heat so overcame me that I reeled, grasping for breath and—awoke to find that my perfumed cigarette had dropped out of my mouth and was sending out a sickly smoke from my smouldering lips, where it had fallen, and the crimson taper had burned out the corner of my magnificent writing-desk.

In conclusion, all I can say is, if you don't like my description of Hell, and don't believe me, why——go there and find out for yourself.

* * * * * * * * *

Reader, the above fragment was found by me, and thinking it curious, while entirely disapproving so free a subject, I hope it may serve to pass a few moments. I intended at first to correct the many anachronisms with which the sketch abounds, but finally determined to leave it intact.

After an Eastern Flight.

—Edward E. Kenna.

"How We Missed It."

(A HARLOQUINAL EPISODE.)

BY SYDNEY COWELL.

After knocking about the British Provinces on a low comedian for some ten or twelve years, I met with the great opportunity of my life. It came about through an introduction to Percy Vane (that was not his name, but his own was quite as romantic, and either expresses the man to a T). After a brief acquaintance my young friend informed me that he was on the eve of attaining his majority, when he would come into possession of a tidy fortune, which fortune he had the laudable desire of quadrupling as speedily as possible. The best means of attaining that end he considered would be to engage a theatre and enter upon a managerial career. In short, would I become his partner?—he to provide the capital, I to furnish the brains and the experience? I thought the bargain a fair one, and closed with it then and there.

My young partner's birthday occurred on the 30th of August, and on the 26th of December following we opened a charming little theatre, re-christened the "Elite," in grand style. It was a perfect jewel-box. We had first class music artists, an excellent orchestra, and, above all, an admirable company. We produced a semi-emotional, semi-domestic drama in two acts, which made an instantaneous hit, everybody, including the author, and the two young managers, being summoned before the curtain again and again. But the great event of the evening was the burlesque that followed. It was a tremendous "go," and the enthusiasm culminated in the ball-room scene, where Madame Orlando and her party of three pretty girls danced a most wild and daring Parisian quadrille (you may call it can-can if you like) to the music of Offenbach, and in the blaze of half-a-dozen lime-lights. The excitement rose to fever-heat, and the old bald-heads in the front row were paralyzed with delight, while the sensibilities of the most sober-minded were outrageously shocked.

Ah, shall I ever forget that evening? The handclasping, the congratulations, the beaming smile on Vane's gentle countenance, the delight of the company, and the satisfactory returns from the box-office! Well, sir, we were soon unerring to find ourselves famous. The papers raved over us. Nothing was spoken of in town but the new theatre, the new company, the new management. Some of our lady patrons objected to the Parisian quadrille. Others, more liberal (or perhaps more innocent), could see no harm in it. At all events the discussion did not injure us, and the public came and formed their own opinion. Money came pouring in. I felt justified in setting up a neat little brougham, and during the day made a page of the call-boy, who did credit to his buttons. I occupied the rooms and offices appertaining to the theatre, while Percy hired a handsome house, which he fitted up magnificently. He engaged a French cook, a valet, and half-a-dozen other domestics. There was nothing on four legs he did not invest in, and I'm afraid his quadrupedal ventures were not the most expensive. Then, of course, he fell in love with all the actresses, one after the other, feeling much injured on discovering that Miss de Courcey, the leading lady, was a married woman with a family; that the soubrette was engaged to the low comedian, and that the juvenile lady was frightly virtuous, and doubly armed with a belligerent poodle and a rigidly severe mamma. In short, poor Percy was thoroughly unsuccessful in his amatory overtures; but he was a kind, gentle, good-natured soul. Would send for champagne during rehearsal or evening performance, provide luncheon for the entire company if he thought there was a possibility of their being fatigued by their morning's labors—in short, was so liberal and considerate that I think they liked him a little, although of course they laughed at him freely behind his back.

One very inconvenient method my partner had of expressing his appreciation consisted in his immediately doubling the salary of any artist in favor, while he formed contracts engaging them for periods of five or ten years at increasing salaries, until my brain fairly whirled at the terrible prospect ahead. I need not have alarmed myself. The bottom fell out of our prosperity all in a moment. First, the houses fell off. We changed the bill. The new play was a failure, and suddenly even the burlesque ceased to please. They produced a ballet at the Royal of so questionable a character that even the bald-heads deserted us in a body. In vain Orlando and her satellites kicked, cricked and pirouetted. The charm was broken, and the nightly array of empty seats stared us with dismay and the company with the greatest forebodings. Then came the appalling discovery that Vane's small fortune had been squandered over and over again—in short, we were all in the lurch.

I came down in this lively condition on a [illegible] morning in April, when our [illegible] doors had been open barely [illegible] hours. I sat gloomily in my sitting-room, with a pile of letters on the [illegible] all bearing the same terrible [illegible] money, money, money! [illegible] in an American cockade in his pockets, and his [illegible]

with eyes following the flight of some happy, unencumbered flies who appeared to have nothing on earth to worry them. I had been sitting pretty severely to my business partner, whose sudden extravagance had entirely brought about the approaching disaster. "What can I do, Jack?" said he. "Don't bully me, please. I'll give up the theatre, you know, and sell the scenes. What more can I do, dear boy? If we could only hit on something new and telling in the shop. Somehow De Courcey doesn't suit her fun. Would it hurt her feelings, now, if we were to engage another leading lady? We could pay De Courcey double salary, you know, while she wasn't acting, she's so awfully sensitive, poor thing."

I had not time to reply to this brilliant suggestion when his valet appeared with the information that a lady was below and desired an interview with the managers of the Elite. "A creditor?" I groaned—"come to sell us her husband her brother-in-law, and the said her seventeen small children will thankfully receive the ten-per-cent-and-seven-pence-ha'penny that she demands."

"What's she like, Wilson?" said Percy. "Does she seem that kind of person?"

"Well, no, sir," rejoined that acute myrmidon. "If I might be so bold, sir, as to express myself, I should say, sir, as she were a—a creature!"

"By Jove!" shouted Percy in great excitement; "show her up, Wilson; show her up this moment."

"But my dear Vane—" I remonstrated.

"Hold your tongue, Jack," he rejoined; "I know all you would say; but when my man Wilson deliberately calls me a woman is a—a *creature*, I've got to see that woman!"

And as he spoke we heard the soft rustle of feminine skirts; the door was opened by Wilson, who respectfully ushered in—a young lady.

Now, don't expect me to gush, for that's not in my line. I will say simply that this young lady was the loveliest creature I ever saw. That she had brilliant auburn hair, dark, radiant eyes, perfect complexion, dazzling teeth and an exquisite form, set off to advantage by a close-fitting and stylish traveling dress. As we gazed at her with more astonishment than politeness, the vision addressed us as follows:

"You are the managers of this theatre, I presume?"

"We are," we faltered, wondering what this exquisite being could require of us.

"Then, gentlemen," she cried, gracefully seating herself, without a shade of embarrassment—"then, gentlemen, I beg to solicit the favor of an engagement."

Of an engagement! Fancy the Princess of Wales soliciting an engagement! Or, not to be profane, the Angel Gabriel soliciting an engagement! I can only imagine such cases as parallel. A speculative flash, however, beamed in the glance exchanged between Percy and myself. Was this wonderful stranger to be the medium through which we were to prop our falling fortunes? I, so to speak, "pulled myself together," and attempted to assume a little managerial dignity and importance as I demanded that, should we afford her the opportunity she desired, in what character would she prefer to make her first appearance.

"Oh, Juliet, of course, or Julia," she replied eagerly, with a winning combination of girlish enthusiasm and well-bred ease. "Is not one or the other always selected for a debut? But I am quite perfect in Rosalind, Portia and Beatrice. Would you like to hear me recite? I have the book with me. Oh, yes, indeed, I am never without my darling Shakespeare; and if one of you will read the lines of the opposite character, I will recite from any play you select."

No sooner said than done. I chose the hackneyed love-scene from Romeo and Juliet, and in a moment we had improvised a balcony with the aid a couple of chairs. Well, sir, if we had been charmed with her beauty, we were simply dazzled by her unexpected genius. With the exception of the gifted Neilson, never has been seen such a representative of the passionate Italian. Even here there was no comparison to be made, for the style of this lovely girl was entirely different and original, and she looked like the embodiment of one of Titian's masterpieces. She was no mere "promising amateur;" she was one of those marvellously gifted beings who bloom like the aloe, once in a century.

"My dear madam," I cried in ecstasy, when the scene was over, "consider yourself engaged—play what you like—when you like! Let us decide on Juliet—yes, Juliet—for Monday week. I will call a rehearsal for ten o'clock to-morrow morning. As for terms——"

"Terms? Oh, I had not thought of that. Well, that is not of the slightest consequence."

Here Percy began muttering something about a ten years' contract that was gracefully ignored by the fair Juliet.

"And your costumes, Miss—Miss—pardon me, you have not honored me with your name?"

"My name? Oh, that is not of the slightest consequence either," laughed she. "Call me Miss—Miss—Greville. That doesn't sound too fine to be real, does it?"

Well, sir, we settled all business preliminaries very speedily, and without the slightest difficulty, after which I escorted Miss Greville to a cab and sent her off to her hotel, a very quiet and stylish house in the immediate neighborhood. I returned to find Vane in a state of great excitement. When he saw me he danced round the room in a style worthy of the great Orlando herself. "Gloria, my boy, gloria!" he cried. "Youth, beauty, genius! By Jove, she'll set the town on fire! Jack, old man, our fortune's made, and the Elite is on its feet again!" To speak truly, my enthusiasm was hardly less exuberant than my partner's, and we were two fathom deep in bright dreams of the future, when we suddenly heard Wilson's voice in altercation below, then a hurried step on the stairs—the door was flung open, and a fine, noble-looking old gentleman rushed into the room and threw himself, breathless, into an arm-chair. Before we could find words to inquire into his motives for this summary proceeding, he addressed us as follows:

"You are the managers of this theatre, I presume?" Miss Greville's very words! Could this old party be another aspirant for dramatic fame? "Gentlemen, I am here to implore your assistance. You behold me crushed, heart-broken. Tell me, I implore you, have you seen anything of my foolish, misguided child, my unfortunate daughter, Mirabel?"

We gazed at each other in dismay. He continued: "Ah! I see you do know something of my most unworthy daughter, and I will tell you more. I am Reginald Percy, Duke of Castlegan. My youngest daughter, the Lady Mirabel, has from childhood possessed a romantic and hankering disposition. I sometimes think poetry and the drama have actually turned her brain. A few months ago she appeared at some amateur theatricals, and the praise and applause received completed the evil work. She avowed boldly her determination to enter all domestic and social relations and to adopt the stage—or become an actress! With this end in view she left her home clandestinely last evening, and by the aid of a detective I have tracked her here. Oh, gentlemen, do not think I wish to cast a reflection upon the manhood of your honorable profession; but for my daughter, Lady Mirabel Percy, to become an actress, and perform, for money, upon a public stage—gentlemen, gentlemen, it would break my heart!"

Here the poor old Duke fairly broke down, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. Vane and I gazed at each other in blank despair. All our bright visions had faded. If our hearts had been able to withstand the anguish of the grief-stricken father, we knew that legally we could not oppose him, for the beautiful Lady Mirabel was under age. Consequently we made the best we could of the situation. We explained fully how matters stood, resigned all right to the professional services of the young lady, and gave him her address, which he received with great satisfaction.

His Grace was warm in acknowledgments, and suggested as to the result of his approaching interview with his romantic daughter. "She has a sound heart, though a weak head," he declared. "And when I describe the anguish her thoughtless conduct has caused the Duchess and me, I am sure she will return to us."

How was he mistaken, as we learned subsequently from a hurried note, and thus were we deprived of our prospective triumph and the stage of a most brilliant addition to its ranks. I read of Lady Mirabel's marriage, some six months after, to a certain noble Earl, who has fitted up a private theatre in their town mansion, where his charming wife delights the eyes and ears of her own exclusive set, although lost forever to the world at large. I resigned my share in the partnership with Vane shortly after the above event, and accepted a good engagement in London, in which I have remained ever since. As for Vane, he failed, of course, and has never since dabbled in things theatrical; but a year ago he was fortunate enough to meet the buxom widow of a rich brewer. He accepted her fifty years, in addition to her fifty thousand pounds, and from latest accounts I hear he is behaving very nicely indeed, and has become a good and dutiful husband.

Cui Bono?

Over, through and round the gate
Little children fluctuate,
  Busy all the day.
With cherry branches overhead,
And underneath, a clover bed,
Till sunset weeps them in her red
Each baby form by fancy led,
  Is working hard at play.

In and out, and all about
The busy mart, grown children shout,
  And watch, and scheme, and lurk.
The little boys are sum to-day;
The little girls are far away
In cottage low, or mansion gay,
And each one in a different way
  Is playing hard at work.

Underneath, and out of sight,
In the narrow lanes of endless night,
  The dead are laid away.
Their ears are deaf to human cry;
Their busy hands are stilled for aye.
With laughter fled, and love gone by,
Silent and cold as the stones they lie,
  And neither work nor play.

—Laura Don.

The Clown's Daughter.

BY MARY H. FISKE.

Hester Gresham was a crank. The world knew it; but Hester Gresham was worth $200,000, and the world thought her a charming old crank, and allowed her to do as she pleased, which, if she had been poor, would never have been allowed, for she nagged, and scolded, and made herself disagreeable from morning till night to everyone around her. She had a glorious home in the country and a luxurious home in the city. She had four pet parsons, a favorite doctor and two nieces, the Misses Ada and Gertie Gresham.

These two girls had been, since they were four years old, with their old aunt, their mother's sister. One of the conditions on which she received her nieces was that they should drop their father's name and adopt hers, and the poor, dying mother, seeking only a home and mother's care for her infant daughters, cheerfully acceded.

There was a dreadful secret connected with Hester Gresham's sister's marriage—a secret now that Ada and Gertie were young ladies grown; but twenty years before, when Hester's sister Alice ran away from home, it was the town talk for five happy years. Alice never regretted her exile from polite society. Then her husband went away on the duties of his profession, and was reported lost on some steamer that was burned at sea. The widow clasped her two young children to her breast, and wept and mourned herself into a decline. When it became evident that life for her was a matter of hours instead of years, she sent for Hester Gresham. That cast-iron female received the bequest of her sister, and from that day Ada and Gertie Hudson became Ada and Gertie Gresham. Their lives were taken up at the handsome home of their aunt and flowed serenely on up to the day on which we introduce them. Hester Gresham, as we have hinted, was one of those corduroy damsels who derive their sole amusements from their clergymen and their churches. She was as strait-laced and fanatical as it is possible for a maiden lady of fifty-nine to be. A church picnic was a levity she fairly tolerated. A theatre was as much of an enormity in her old eyes as it is in Talmage's. Therefore when Ada—dignified, staid, sweet, serene and placid Ada—came in with the information that Gertrude, against her expressed disapprobation, had gone with some frivolous friends to the Great Britain Circus, then showing in the country place, the rage of Hester knew no bounds.

The ancient maiden lady tore at the few hairs that gave foothold for puffs and headdresses; she gnashed the two old original setters that held in place a phalanx of store teeth; she launched into the most awful denunciations of circuses in general, and the Great Britain in particular; she sent every member of the family but Ada in pursuit of the lost girl, and then she turned the phials of her wrath upon the devoted head of the sister Ada.

"You are responsible for this dreadful accident," wailed Aunt Hester.

And Ada, thus assailed, ventured to deprecate the enormity of the act.

"I recognize Gertie's imprudence, aunty," said Ada; "but I don't see that she is in any immediate danger. Thousands of very respectable persons go to circuses."

"My God, child," cried the old woman, "you don't know what you are talking about! If you knew—if you only knew." She rocked herself back and forth in very ecstasy of woe.

"Why should I not know, Aunt Hester? If there is anything more than the simple act of going with Dr. Gesner and the girls to a highly-colored and much-advertised circus, why not tell me?"

"I will," shouted the old woman, "though I had hoped to go into my grave with my shameful secret safe in my sad heart. Ada, twenty-five years ago your mother Alice and myself were girls like you and Gertrude. In an evil hour my young sister went to Fremont's Hippodrome, that at that time was visiting the country. I never knew, so I can never tell how Alice fell in with a man in that sordid business. But my simple-minded, self-willed, foolish sister met, loved and ran away with Radcliffe Hudson, a clown in a circus ring."

Ada almost fainted. She sat, with lips apart and eyes dilated, gazing at the old woman.

"Yes," continued Aunt Hester. "She left a reputable home and luxury to follow the fortunes of a wretched clown. They were married. She sent me their marriage certificate, and two years after she sent me word of your birth, and after four years she sent me a letter saying she was the mother of a second daughter, and then came the imploring letter telling me of her husband's death and her mortal illness. That letter I obeyed, and took you two poor creatures into my home."

Ada was sobbing now; great tears of shame and anger trickled down her face. No thought of the sweet young mother who loved the fine young athlete, and who had died broken-hearted over his loss, filled that cold nature; but the thought of herself. Ada Gresham, leader of a select set; prime mover in many an aristocratic circle; the refined, the proud, the aspiring Ada; daughter of a miserable circus clown, and bitterly she wept.

"Do you wonder now, Ada," groaned Aunt Hester, "that I am frantic at this sadder development of the plebeian instinct in your sister?"

"No, Auntie, I am horrified. I am crushed to the earth when I learn for the first time who and what my father was—a miserable circus clown," and Ada beat her finely poised head and wept. For an hour the stately aunt and humbled niece held counsel with each other, until agreeing that that which was not known could never bring shame to either, they regained their wonted composure.

And then Gertie came home pleased, innocent, ignorant of any wrong and full of the exciting and delightful things she had seen with her young friends. What devil it was prompted Ada that night, after Aunt Hester had exhausted herself in wrathful condemnation of Gertie's adventure, to tell her sister the dreadful secret she had learned that afternoon during her absence—no one will ever know; but she did.

"Our father was a circus clown!" gasped Gertie.

"A dreadful, painted, gibbering circus clown," sobbed Ada.

"And his name?" panted Gertie.

"Was Radcliffe Hudson. Oh, Gertie, isn't it too horrible?" For answer Gertie was on her feet. She stretched her arm out feebly toward the little white hat flung on the bed when she came back from the afternoon performance of the Great Britain Circus, and she caught aimlessly at a black lace scarf that decorated the back of a chair. She gazed fixedly at Ada as if on empty air.

"Our father's name was Radcliffe Hudson," she repeated, mechanically. "Why, Ada, look at that," and with a sudden movement she placed a printed bill in her astonished sister's lap and pointed with trembling fingers to lines in red letters.

IN PART SECOND,

The Celebrated Shakespearean Clown,

RADCLIFFE HUDSON.

"My God!" exclaimed Ada. "Why, this is most horrible. Aunt Hester believed him to be dead. Can this be him?"

"Oh, how I hope it may be," fervently ejaculated Gertrude.

"Why, Gertrude, are you mad?" cried Ada.

If Ada Gresham lived a hundred years she will never forget the answer. Gertie was on her feet, her golden hair crowned with the little white hat, the black lace scarf twisted round her lovely shoulders, her beautiful dark eyes blazing with wrath and wondrous love.

"Mad," she said; "yes, mad with joy—mad with new-found delight. My father alive, and here, where I can reach him. Why, Ada, the moments are years till I can fling myself into his dear arms and tell him I am his child."

Ada sank back overwhelmed at the audacity of this terrible sister; but in the open door stood Aunt Hester.

"Oh, you idiot!" she screamed at Ada. "Why did I not tell you all? I knew this wretch was alive, for after your mother's death he sought me out and related his escapes by land and sea—demanded of me his children—and I thought to save you from disgrace and told him you were dead."

Ada smiled approvingly; but Gertrude's pale face took a whiter hue.

"And now, miserable girl," continued the old woman, "you would thwart the well-laid plan of a lifetime. You are no Hudsons—you are the nieces of Hester Gresham and bear my name."

"I am the daughter of Radcliffe Hudson, the circus clown," cried Gertie, "and I go to find my father."

Before the outraged aunt and niece could prevent, she was through the door, down the stairs and out on the street.

"I shall never hold up my head again," sobbed Ada.

"My darling child," groaned old Hester, "we will cast this creature out of our hearts."

"We will," answered Ada. "I will never call her sister again. She has chosen to ally herself with a base and low-born circus clown, and I never wish to see her face again."

* * * * *

The naphtha lamps around the centre-pole flared and flamed. The fringed scallops of the circus tent waved back and forth in the evening breeze. Mlle. Adele had just disappeared after her great pad act, and the celebrated Shakespearean clown, Hudson, was in the ring of the Great Britain Circus, when a graceful, elegant girl stood trembling at the outer entrance of the tent.

Everybody knows Hy Glass. He has been connected with the sawdust for fifty years. He stood behind the ticket-taker this night, when with a beating heart Gertie Gresham presented herself at the gate.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Hudson, the Shakespearean clown," said Gertie, summoning all her courage to steer the high-mettled thing she bestrode over.

"I say, little 'un," remarked he, "you mean the young mother. Reid is an older fellow than I. Why, sis, if you could see 'em without paint you wouldn't be mashed for a cent on old Rad Hudson."

It's doubtful if Gertie understood one half of this oration; but she drew herself up and said with dignity:

"Mr. Hudson is my father. I wish to find him as soon as I can. You may be sure he will be anxious to see his daughter."

"Law Lent's dead monkey!" cried Hy Glass. "You old Rad's daughter? Well, may I never."

It was rather ambiguous—this speech of Hy's, and Gertrude continued as serenely as the roughish-ready circus man spoke. Hy went and consulted a brevet pair, who unhesitatingly laid her delicate hand in it, and struck through the flap of the canvas, all under the colonel sees to the right, in the dressing-room, with him.

The clown had finished his act, and with the dishevelled ghastlies of a crowded tent he gaily left the ring. At the entrance to the dressing-tent he encountered Hy and the fair young girl.

There was no word uttered, but the man behind the tinseth and vermillion-smeared mask staggered before the vision. Twenty-five years had rolled from before his eyes like a mist; the vigor of early manhood animated his limbs once more; his heart re-lived the joyous hour when he looked first upon the same sweet face, and the Alice of his youth in all her loving gentleness seemed to spring out of the ground before him.

Instinctively he stretched forth his arms with the cry of "Alice" on his poor, trembling, painted lips; and Gertie, with an hysterical sob of joy—unheeding the warmed lines wrought upon his bosom—oblivious of the scarlet lozenges blocked out on the fair, white-ned cheeks—sprang from Hy Glass' side and flung herself on the heaving breast of her father.

"I am Gertrude Hudson, your own loving daughter. So glad, my father, to find you. Why, I sat inside there this afternoon, little dreaming that such joy was to crown this day of days. Looking at you, without knowing that I had a father living, and that he was so near!"

"Lew Lent's cynocephalus!" ejaculated Hy. The old clown had his arm around his daughter's waist as they passed out of sight, and Hy Glass excitedly told the news to a curious and sympathetic group of circus men, who broke into delighted congratulations.

But Radcliffe Hudson's lips trembled as he pressed them again and again to the bright hair of his fair young daughter, and he said: "I wish to God, my darling, you had not seen your poor old father first in—in—in the ring and—and made up this way; and if you'll sit here a minute, dear, I won't keep you long." And Gertie found a dozen eager hands outstretched to welcome Pop Hudson's daughter as Mlle. Adele and the other female riders crowded round her.

With hurried, trembling hands, the clown put off his motley, and when a gray-haired, sad-faced man, deeply lined and scored by that steel engraver, Time, stood beside Gertrude, it would be hard to describe the joy that filled her soul to think of bringing comfort and consolation to one who had suffered so much and led so hard a life.

It was settled before the troupe left the town that Ada, who refused to see the clown her father, should remain with Aunt Hester and decent society, but that Gertie should share the fortunes of her new-found parent; and Gertie wrote a kind and loving letter to the stern Aunt Gresham, thanking her for all that she had done for her, telling of her endless gratitude, but pleading the prior claims of her bereaved old father.

* * * * *

The great home of Miss Gresham, five years after Gertie found the clown, was hung with black, and an uncountable number of retainers and hangers-on of the deceased crank, Hester, were gathered. The four pet parsons and the favorite doctor were assembled, and betting was six to one on the Rev. Hymnbook Headley, for that amiable man had married Ada, the constant niece—the elegant, aristocratic girl who had chosen the better part and stuck to Hester and the cash-book.

Hester had been sick some time. She had known that her end was fast approaching, and she had made ready to go. Her last will and testament (which was able to be called a Bible) had been long filed away, and a letter was in the hands of her lawyer to be sent the instant the breath was out of her body. The answer to that letter arrived the day of the funeral in the shape of the worn old clown and his faithful daughter, Gertie. Ada was shocked and intimated to the Rev. Hymnbook that her dear aunt would not lie as quiet in her coffin if she knew of this outrage—"these persons forcing themselves in this unseemly manner upon this melancholy occasion;" but old Judge Ritter whispered in her crape-shrouded ears that Gertie and Radcliffe Hudson were there at Hester's ante-mortem invitation. And so the ceremonies proceeded and Hester was carefully planted, and the immediate relations and nearest friends were bidden by the Judge to return to the house, where, by order still of Hester—who appeared to want to boss things as long as possible—the will was to be duly read.

In the front parlor assembled Ada and her parson—the three other pets and the doctor, who had rather lost his hold during the last illness that he had been unequal to knocking out. Gertie, her handsome eyes red from tears of genuine grief, sat modestly removed from her haughty sister in the back parlor beside the care-worn old clown; and Judge Ritter commenced the voluminous old document. There were decent legacies to all the servants. There were beautiful theological libraries to all four pet parsons. There was the good-will and fixtures of a drug-store belonging to Hester in the healthiest part of the town left for the doctor. There was the tidy sum of $10,000 apiece to the Rev. Hymnbook Headley and Ada his wife; and even as the couple were catching their breath at this clause they received paralytic strokes from the next.

"But to my dear niece Gertie, the most truly affectionate relation I ever had," read the Judge, in his sonorous tones, "I bequeath both my houses, together with all their belongings, and the sum of $250,000 to properly keep them up, being convinced that, for disinterested devotion, she deserves every cent of it, and to show how deeply I admire the filial love and steadfast faith that made her proud to call herself the daughter of a clown."

Sagaville.

Thick-ribb'd gold, yet bowing fillies,
Bare-necked drivers steer;
Well-go'ers through rushing willows,
Sagaville leaves us near!

Spider and he no connexion
Where the golddust spots toil,
Sagaville's connexion?
Answering Abbas Oil.

Cannot be sure a wild *Ty Power*,
Tamed to dulest gentleness strokes,
Saying to a Blunt Mansion
Wholesome and useless.

Yet he never quite's brave suggestions,
Children's mother sees, his soul
Shuns he sure these questions
While pride sleeping in the bones.

Yet he swerves not hold thrives
For the silly music bill,
Nor with gentle confusion,
Refuses a farmside.

Have ye cracks of sense and science
Helping business power your child,
Where a sensible eye for Mammon,
In a pure silence soul.

Spelled he her sky of horse-hair,
Till he sees a friend useless,
Besides, too, if the head of cattle
And cash dump, subscribe "Abbas."

Nor a pale face down-crowned like
Fool an age or sweep the east
Sagaville sing where dates crowd him,
Make or'er for service sweet.

Fifteen souls of Sagaville
Known "Judges" round the town;
Said not if proud Sagaville
Make his money to drown.

Sly Oath, clerkest Poughkeepsie,
Maybe weep sweet amber sand
Sagaville very dippy,
Remember clear air free here.

—LILLIE WEST.

The Isaacs—Crummels Boom.

COMPILED FROM DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.
BY MILTON ROSLER.

Advertisement from New York *Herald*, May 21, 1880:

A YOUNG, GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL Southern belle, descended from an aristocratic Georgia family, having met with unexpected reverses, has determined upon adopting the dramatic profession as a means whereby to retrieve the shattered fortunes of her honorable family and utilize those God-given histrionic powers which her friends feel assured she possesses in an eminent degree. Responsible managers, with capital, desiring an attraction for the coming season, can address MAMIE CRUMMELS,
678 1-2 Lexington Avenue (over Drug Store).

Card advertisement from the *Weekly Blast*, May 28, 1880:

ABE ISAACS, YE WORKING AGENT AND Press Manipulator, disengaged. Bilgeville correspondent *Weekly Blast*. Address this office after June 1.

Weekly Blast, June 4:

We desire to call the attention of managers to the card of the new and brilliant star, Miss Mamie Crummels. This lady comes of a wealthy California family, and has recently returned from Europe, where she has undergone three years severe study under French, Italian and English masters. Who will be the lucky manager to secure her?

Weekly Blast, June 4:

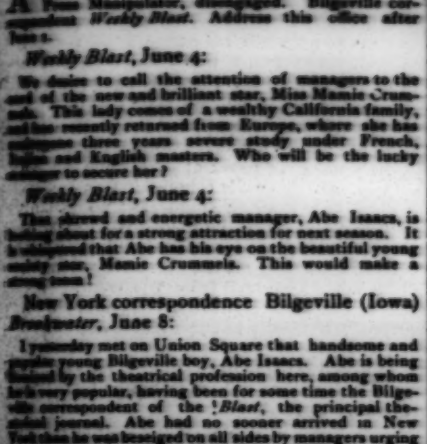
That shrewd and energetic manager, Abe Isaacs, is looking about for a strong attraction for next season. It is whispered that Abe has his eye on the beautiful young society star, Mamie Crummels. This would make a strong team!

New York correspondence Bilgeville (Iowa) *Breakwater*, June 8:

Yesterday met on Union Square that handsome and popular young Bilgeville boy, Abe Isaacs. Abe is being feted by the theatrical profession here, among whom he is very popular, having been for some time the Bilgeville correspondent of the *Blast*, the principal theatrical journal. Abe had no sooner arrived in New York than he was besieged on all sides by managers urging him to manage leading combinations. Abe said nothing, but kept his eyes and ears open, and while three other managers were outbidding each other for the new society star, Mamie Crummels, Abe quietly slips in and secures the prize. Miss Crummels is to be congratulated. Abe is a "boomer."

Weekly Blast, June 8—Editorial:

We call the attention of managers to the mammoth half-page advertisement (with portrait of Manager Abe Isaacs) announcing his engagement of the peerless Mamie Crummels. This company will take the road in August, playing the Western and Southern circuits. Mr. Isaacs is negotiating with several New York managers for Spring dates. Abe is getting out a magnificent stock of lithographic printing through the well-known house of Eichhorn & Holdem. Brains, money and energy will win every time. Abe will wake up some of our Rip Van Winkle managers.



The above is an excellent portrait of the great tragic actress, Mamie Crummels, from a recent lithograph by Eichhorn and Holdem.—*Blast*.

Weekly Blast, June 11:

The beautiful society star, Mamie Crummels, is quite the lion exquisitely furnished flat on Lexington avenue. Abe Isaacs, her treasurer manager, says it is prostration from over-excitement in recently rescuing the child of a poor family whose life was endangered by a runaway horse on Fourth street car.

Long Branch correspondence New York *Courier*, June 12:

The great emotional actress, Mamie Crummels, wears a modest and striking tight-fitting bathing suit of pink and white stripes. Her exquisite figure is much admired. She was visited yesterday by her wide-awake manager, Abe Isaacs.

From the New York correspondence of the Penn Yan *Bladder*:

Miss Mamie Crummels, the famed emotional artist, recently rescued three children from drowning at Coney Island. On the same evening she horsewhipped the clerk of the hotel for being a little too previous. Her business manager, Abe Isaacs, says the fellow merited his punishment.

From the Harlem correspondence of the New York *Vindicator*:

Abe Isaacs, the tireless manager of the young and beautiful Southern star, Mamie Crummels has filled eight weeks in the leading Southern and Western theatres.

Abe Isaacs has purchased from the eminent New York dramatic and dramatic critic, Mr. E. Montague Slaughter of the *Globe*, his powerful emotional and sensational drama entitled The Love of a Lioness; or, Blood for Blood. Abe says the leading role will fit his star like a glove. Abe ought to know.

From the *Weekly Blast*, June 18:

Abe Isaacs, accompanied by the beautiful Mamie Crummels, will out on the *Alaska*. They will spend a month in Paris, preparing a set of costumes from Worth for Miss C.'s approaching starring tour.

From the *Weekly Blast*, June 25:

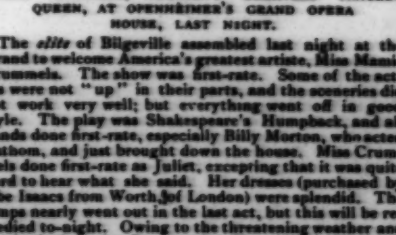
LETTER FROM NEW YORK WEEKLY BLAST:

DEAR SIR:—Please allow me space through the columns of your widely-read journal (the only original exponent organ of our profession), to contradict the sweeping report about Miss Mamie Crummels going to get married to a Cuban Duke. She has got the cash in question. I have got her on a four year contract, forbidding either one to marry.

Yours in Haste,
ABE ISAACS,
Manager of the great Mamie Crummels; Long Branch.

The printing and lithographic work for Mamie Crummels' starring tour, designed by Abe Isaacs, will beat anything on the road. Abe says he intends to paralyze the gentile.

From the *Blast*, June 28:



The above is a capital portrait of the indefatigable Abe Isaacs, manager of the great emotional star, Mamie Crummels.

From the *Blast*, June 28:

CALL.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the great Abe Isaacs Combination, supporting the bewitching Mamie Crummels, are notified that the season will begin at Bilgeville, Ia., August 22. Rehearsal August 15. No fares advanced.

ABE ISAACS, Manager.
SOL COHEN, Programmer and Press Agent.

From the Bilgeville *Breakwater*, August 15:

Our enterprising fellow-townsman, Abe Isaacs (late clerk at Oppenheimer's clothing house), has arrived from New York. Abe has become one of the leading lights in the show business. He is busy arranging for the opening of his season in this, his native city, on the 22d. The principal members of the company have arrived, including the young and beautiful star, Miss Mamie Crummels (a Southern belle), who is quartered at Ben Bragg's Delmonico Hotel. Abe is chuck full of business.

From the Bilgeville *Evening Bugle*, August 16:

An unusual number of queer specimens of the *genus Homo* in long hair, soft hats, linen dusters and seedy pants, leads us to surmise that "the great aggregation of New York star artists" (from the Fifth Avenue Theatre) has arrived.

From the Bilgeville *Breakwater*, August 23:

ABE ISAACS' COMBINATION.

MAMIE CRUMMELS, AMERICA'S GREATEST TRAGEDY QUEEN, AT OPENHEIMER'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE, LAST NIGHT.

The *elite* of Bilgeville assembled last night at the Grand to welcome America's greatest artiste, Miss Mamie Crummels. The show was first-rate. Some of the actors were not "up" in their parts, and the sceneries did not work very well; but everything went off in good style. The play was Shakespeare's Humpback, and all hands done first-rate, especially Billy Morton, who acted Fathom, and just brought down the house. Miss Crummels done first-rate as Juliet, excepting that it was quite hard to hear what she said. Her dresses (purchased by Abe Isaacs from Worth, of London) were splendid. The lamps nearly went out in the last act, but this will be remedied to-night. Owing to the threatening weather and the festival at the Presbyterian Church, the crowd was small; but the hall will be jammed to-night to see the last New York success, called Romeo and Julia. Secure seats at Openheimer's great clothing store and avoid the rush.

From the Bilgeville *Evening Bugle*, August 23:

ANOTHER IMPOSITION ON THE PUBLIC.

SHERRY ISAACS' MOB OF SUPES AT THE OLD HALL OVER OPENHEIMER'S SLOP-SHOP CLOTHING STORE.

Bilgeville has been called upon to endure many afflictions in the shape of alleged shows, but last night's fizzle "yanked the bun." From America's greatest down to the humblest supe, not one person on the stage knew their part. The curtain persisted in falling at all sorts of odd times, excepting the right time. The lights went out in the last act, instead of the first, as they should have done in charity to the audience and actors. That epitome of monumental gall and superfluous idiocy, Abe Isaacs, attempted to make a speech, but was appropriately squelched by the three boys on the front bench. The young, beautiful and accomplished star of the evening proved to be an unmitigated fraud—dark, fat and forty-odd, with a matronly and Hebraic cast of features. There were about twenty men and boys in the house all told. This was to be expected, when we remember that the enterprising (?) manager failed to advertise in the *Evening Bugle*, the only paper read by the better class of Bilgevillers, and to which they refer as an authority on show matters. This, however, has had no influence upon our criticism.

From the Bilgeville *Breakwater*, August 30:

ANOTHER DRAMATIC TREAT AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Romeo and Juliet was acted last night by the great Mamie Crummels in first-class style. The indefatigable Abe Isaacs had secured four additional lamps for the stage and two for the hall, thereby adding greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. The sceneries worked much better, excepting where the board representing the balcony scene fell over exposing the construction of the scene. Miss Crummels acted Juliet to the life. We can well believe Mr. Isaacs when he says on his bills printed at this office that the great English tragedian, G. Golding, pronounced Miss Crummels' Juliet a startling exhibition. In the graveyard, where she talks about her father's house and things, she beats Maggie Mitchell, whom the writer saw act the same play at Des Moines last Winter. As she fell on Romeo's prostrate form, Judge Suggs, who had entered and taken a front seat, exclaimed, impressively, "Great God!" Everybody done first-rate, especially Billy Morton, who acted out Peter in a way to bring down the house. Billy is a button-buster sure. The crowd was not quite so large as on Monday, owing probably to the illness of Colonel Bloodgood's infant son, which has cast a temporary gloom over our best society. We are pleased to add that Willie is better. In addition to this there was a meeting of the Democratic campaign committee at the office of Judge Suggs, candidate for legislator, over Malloy's sample-room. The hall will doubtless be crowded to-night, when the same great play will be repeated by special request.

From the Bilgeville *Evening Bugle*, August 29:

WORSE AND WORSE.

There was another amusing exhibition at Openheimer's old hall last night. We thought we had seen the acme of badness on Monday night, but last night's discounted it. We doubt if so much gratuitous imbecility could be got together in any community in America outside of the idiotic asylums. The appearance of the very fat and very middle-aged lady (America's greatest) who acted the young and tender Juliet was the signal for a wild laugh from the three boys on the front bench, who distributed the vilely-printed programmes during the day. But an awful stillness reigned when Mr. Sol. Cohen, the "press manipulator" of the company, came forward to announce that owing to the sudden indisposition of Mr. R. Macready Spofford, the character of Romeo would be assumed at a moment's notice by the Bilgeville favorite, Mr. Abraham Isaacs, of the Hebrew Thespian Society. This announcement was followed by a rush for the door of thirteen of the eighteen composing the audience, the writer among the number. We felt instinctively the need of a stimulant. We got back just in time to see the balcony (two of Openheimer's shutters) fall over, lighting on Abe's ample feet and exposing the fat and formidable Juliet standing on a flour barrel, the head of which suddenly refused to sustain its lovely load, precipitating the massive Juliet on far into the barrel as her æsthetic devel quarrel would permit. The curtain fell upon this unique tableau, and we departed, satisfied that if Shakespeare could see that performance he would be glad that he was dead. We are informed that the three programme boys, the critic of our esteemed and harmless contemporary, and Judge Suggs, who was sleeping off his "exhilarations," resided to the Bloor end. For the sake of art we hope Abe will not be discouraged by this incident. He is sure the first great actor that lived in Romeo. In fact, there has not been a really successful Romeo in the show business since the famous theatre died.

From the Bilgeville *Breakwater*, August 29:

A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

The audience that assembled at the Opera House on Saturday night to witness the closing performance of the great emotional artiste, Mamie Crummels, were doomed to disappointment. The play to be acted was called The Love of a Lioness; or, Blood for Blood, written by the eminent New York journalist, E. Montague Slaughter, editor-in-chief of the *Herald*. At about a quarter before eight Mr. Isaacs came out and announced that owing to the non-arrival of the elaborate new scenery and costumes from New York, the play could not be produced. This closed the career of the company in this city for the present. They go from here to Rogers' Corners, where it is to be acted; they may do well. Mr. Ben Bragg, proprietor of Bragg's Delmonico Hotel, has been so highly impressed with the great histrionic powers of Miss Crummels that he has sold Abe Isaacs a handsome house for an interest in the company, and will send the new lady company to represent his interest. Mr. Isaacs has given ample security for his performing bill, and we commend this company to the press and public of Rogers' Corners.

From the Bilgeville *Evening Bugle*, Aug. 29:

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

The great Isaacs-Crummels bubble has burst. The lessees of Openheimer's Opera House, who had been holding the bag during the week, obtained an Saturday night when several members of the company refused to play until they saw the color of the (paper) money. The audience were told that cash or bad paper would be given out at the door; but as all use of the auditorium was denied them, the ceremony was dispensed with.

It is rumored that the remains of the deceased company will attack Rogers' Corners next week. This is a good thing for Bilgeville, but it's rough on Rogers' Corners. Fortunately (for the company) the distance to Rogers' Corners is short and the walking good. Mr. Abercrombie Spofford, the leading heavy member of the company, will remain in this city and give a reading next week, after which he will lecture our local editors. He says he will explain Edwin Booth on finding corpses next season. "Billy" Morton, who is a better type than either, will "walk" on the *Bugle* until he is relieved for by Mary Anderson's manager. Ben Bragg has become greatly attached to this company. In fact he has several attachments, and Bob will go along to Rogers' Corners to resist Abe Isaacs in relieving them by selling tickets while Abe tends door.—*Sic transeat gloria.*

Bilgeville correspondent *Weekly Blast*, August 28:

Abe Isaacs' great company, supporting the great Mamie Crummels, has taken Bilgeville by storm. Abe is a Bilgeville boy and a worker. In less able managerial hands the success of the season would have been doubtful, as Bilgeville has been overrun with amateurs. Abe has been offered the management of several leading combinations, but says he has a fortune in his present attraction. Abe swears by the *Blast*.

Bob Bragg has returned to the city.—*Bilgeville Breakwater, Sept. 3.*

The veteran theatrical manager, Abraham Isaacs, Esq., is among the latest arrivals in Bilgeville. Abe's No. 6 hat and No. 11 boots will in the future adorn their old familiar haunt in front of Openheimer's clothing store. Never mind, Abe. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than to be cuchered on a bob-tail flush.—*Bilgeville Evening Bugle.*

A few cards from the *Blast*, Sept. 15:

R. MACREADY SPOFFORD, HEAVY LEAD, disengaged. Address this Office, or Bilgeville, Ia.

BILLY MORTON, LOW COM. BIZ., DISENgaged. Address this office, or *Bugle*, Bilgeville, Ia.

MR. AND MRS. SEPTIMUS SAUNDERS, fops and ingenues, disengaged. Address this office, or Rogers' Corners, Ia.

HORATIO CLIFFORD, JUVENILE; BESSIE Almont, walking lady, and little Eva and Sadie, the juvenile wonders, disengaged. Address this Office, or Rogers' Corners, Ia.

From the New York *Globe*, editorial, Sept. 15:

Miss Mamie Crummels has been compelled, by failing health, to relinquish her starring season in the West and South, which began most auspiciously. Miss C. arrived in this city during the present week and will take a much-needed rest. She speaks in glowing terms of her reception in the principal cities of the West. She will resume her season about Dec. 10, with a stronger and better support, and a new drama of thrilling contemporaneous interest by an eminent Western journalist, entitled Little Rose-Bud, the Lily of the Plains; or, The Dew-Drop of Gory Gulch.

Portrait of the bewitching Mamie Crummels, from a photograph by ——.

From the *Weekly Blast*, Sept. 22:

CARD.—THE EMINENT EMOTIONAL ACtress, Mamie Crummels, having returned from brilliant professional triumphs in the West and South, desires a manager of brains, energy and capital to assume control of her next starring tour. Miss C. is also prepared to give instruction to a limited number of lady pupils in elocution and the requirements of the dramatic art. Satisfaction guaranteed and Metropolitan openings assured. Address THIS OFFICE,
Or, 69 1-2 West 31st street, City.

And the woods are full of 'em.

Professional Requirements.

BY FANNY DAVENPORT.

PREFACE.

In the following of every art or profession it is necessary for the little pupil to undergo some previous education. The minister, the lawyer, the doctor, have their course of study marked out for them, without which they can reach very little if any distinction. The mechanic even has his apprenticeship, and it would seem simply absurd for anyone to study for any of the professions without attempting some preparatory endeavor. Yet the actor's calling seems to be universally neglected. The most ordinary education, with an inclination for the stage, is the actor's only passport, and thus powerfully armed he looks forward to be a Booth, an Irving or a Barrett! On reaching the longed-for haven, behind the scenes, their dream is soon over. They discover something wanting in themselves to gain the public's applause. The time, however, passes so quickly behind the scenes that they have no time to correct their shortcomings. They are too *en rapport* with themselves. From the scarcity of good actors and actresses, they rise to positions more from seniority than from ability, and turn an artistic profession into a profitable trade. They are content to go through their career indifferent to fame or reputation. Without meaning to be ill-natured, does not this apply to many upon our stage to-day? Therefore the few suggestions or necessities called for in olden times by an old writer on the subject of "Art in Acting," may not be out of place to the really artistic.

THE ARTICLE.

Taking it for granted that he or she, desirous for theatrical reputation, etc., is free from personal defects which would unfit him or her for the stage, or for the body or will so far subject to the operators' command, and that keen deficiency in the former will operate powerfully on the latter. As regards the degree of education for an actor, we think a thorough knowledge of the English classics sufficient, and as much more as they like or find time to employ. But this proper for every actor or be well studied in grammar, as this is an art which teaches the value of words and their relation to each other. It will instruct him in their force and meaning and enable him to speak with emphasis and expression. To depend on the study and memorization of theatre translations (as we are afraid many of the profession do), in many cases gaining a dependence on ignorance. A thorough knowledge of grammar, besides denoting the ignorance and ostentation of conceitedness, will likewise teach an actor to detect lapses of the author themselves, who, being so usually engaged in the main design, or through carelessness, sometimes commit the greatest inconsistencies.

To grammar we would add an acquaintance with belles-lettres and oratory. By the former the actor will not only be able to ornament his mind to beautiful images and descriptions, but improve his taste in directing him to notice on those passages which he goes through in the course of his profession, with feeling and propriety. The acquirement of poetry will harmonize his ear and give him facility in speaking equal to that used in ordinary conversation, the want of which often mars the finest passages and incourages the common feelings. The one that such a knowledge will be to obvious. Who but an actor should be acquainted with Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar? By a frequent reading of the domestic classics, such as Shakspeare, Fletcher, he will not only enrich his memory, but have a view of all the parts and design of each respective author, so that when he is cast for a part he will possess the general idea of it—as then the remainder to be studied will be light and amusing. History holds too principal a rank in this catalogue to be omitted. The actor likewise who would go deep into his profession should not be content with modern history only. Greek and Roman should be digested. Take any historic play—for instance, Henry VIII.—and let the part of Henry be given to two performers of equal merit in every other respect but that one is most familiar with English history, the other not. It cannot become a question which shall most please a critical audience. The one will have no clue but the poet who, though excellent in his art, could not give such a whole view of that courageous, splendid and lascivious despot, while the other, taking in all the points from the historian as well as the poet, is capable of drawing stronger lines and adding nicer manner and finish to the picture. (The most marvelous illustration of this valuable advice I have seen realized by Sully in Le Roi S'Amuse at the Theatre Français in Paris, he playing the King. A grander performance I never witnessed; you could imagine the dissolute monarch stood before you.)

We beg to include a tolerable knowledge of the French language; we recommend fencing and dancing as not only useful, but, in this profession, absolutely necessary. Surely 'tis much more decent for a performer to kill or be killed *secundem artem* than be jabbed to death after the manner of an assassination. Dancing is still more useful—not that jumble of freaks and quicksteps which the vulgar denominate dancing, but a graceful deportment of the body with the eyes by which a man may express his thoughts, independent of the accentuation of syllables and words—whether an actor flies into the arms of his mistress or kneels at the feet of his sovereign; whether he springs from a throne or sinks on a bed; whether he takes long strides or short angles, all should be performed with grace and naturalness. Whereas, on the contrary, how often do we see players possessed of feeling and judgment, for the want of being instructed in these particulars, commit the most glaring impropriety? More often do we see them measure the stage in a mechanical long and short step, like the verses of the ancients; turn their backs upon the audience in walking and speaking, cross each other as if they were jotting on a race-course, or descend a throne like a common café; in short, perform all the evolutions of the stage so awkwardly as to dissolve the charm of illusion, and in spite of all, turn, perhaps, the whole scene into ill-timed but unavoidable ridicule.

In his course of reading he should be careful to read loudly and distinctly, and on no account to hum over his part. By keeping his voice thus upon the stretch he will be able to know the weak of its compass, strengthen its weaknesses, modulate its tones and bring it under absolute subjection. He must attend to the same practice at rehearsals. Everyone acquainted with modern rehearsals must know how loosely and how far under the par of their abilities the generality go through their parts, and with one or two exceptions 'tis like a theatrical muster who are called for the night review without more preparation than bare appearances. What makes the blunders of the first night are not so much the want of memory as of mutual play of action, which is necessary to give grace and wholeness to the scene. Neglect at the rehearsals, a slip-shod way of getting through, causes an embarrassment, an air of novelty when before the public in the role, often disagreeable in its consequences to themselves, but much more so to the author.

Public acting or attempting to give rules for it would be useless; an actor has only to fully possess himself or herself of the enthusiasm of the subject, consult Nature and endeavor to imitate her.

We would also suggest the study of the following busts and statuary: The Hercules Tusano; the Apollo Belvidere; the Apollo Mediici; the Cava Calla; the Fighting and Dying Gladiators. For women: The Venus de Mediici; the Venus de Calapaldia, Diane, Three Graces and Flora. It should be a performer's constant care to absent himself as little as possible from the theatre on the nights he does not perform, and never on those when his superior performs. We know how difficult it is to have this phase allowed on account of the envy which pervades the profession. But the public! the voice! the manager! whose interest will give just precedence to an actor's abilities, settle that point. The remark, "I have the worst study in the world," is nine times in ten the voice of idleness. All our faculties grow stronger by exercise, and the memory more than any. He that complains of the want of this, complains only of his want of industry. Let him but exert himself and he acquires it.

A Lost Summer.

BY JENNY JUNE.

Among the many records of the [illegible] certainly among the most [illegible] anecdotal experience with which it is [illegible] to contribute my humble quota. [illegible] Bilge, and the quality of [illegible] amongst Americans and [illegible] We talk and write about [illegible] really knowing anything [illegible] grass grows, until it is [illegible] pressure a clear idea of the [illegible] nation. Let me illustrate my [illegible] by story.

When I was a little girl [illegible] my dearest friend and most [illegible] playmate was the daughter [illegible] over. Now I remember that [illegible] for her during the days, [illegible] sights of the next [illegible] the Spring even, I was [illegible] the cruelest disappointment [illegible] longest. Together we [illegible] dress tableaux and [illegible] quite elaborate [illegible] were [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Two Definitions.

—LOVE AT FIRST.

[illegible]

—LOVE AT LAST.

[illegible]

—Lillian Ware.

Our Country Cousins.

BY PEARL EYTINGE.

"For my part, I think it would be jolly."

"Jolly scarcely expresses it; besides, it's slang."

"'Tis not slang. The idea! Ma, is it slang?"

"Don't quarrel, girls."

"We're not quarreling; but Jennie thinks she's something great, because she made a hit as Rubch."

You see, I was a little jealous of Jennie. She got the best parts all last season, as soubrettes usually do, while I was obliged to play all the insipid juveniles, with unpleasant young men for lovers. However, this has nothing to do with the subject in hand, which was the following letter:

DEAR LILLIE—I take mi pen in hand to let yu no that I am yet hoping you are the same. Mary Jane has got the measles and a fall the other da hum in the gardin and et up all the yung hatchuns. the Baby is grein splendid. Mother was spekin about yu and she sez she is dredful sorry yu had trubel, but if yu hum hear she wil tri and mak it as pleasnt as she kan. we hev a larg Farm and everything is very confortebble and we wud al tri and mak it as pleasnt as we cud hutt pepper is skarse likewise a bad pen so no mor at present.

Yorse Truley

ADA SHERRIT.

The above unique epistle was the innocent cause of the "jolly" controversy. They were not exactly relatives—that is, Ada's mother was the stepmother of a cousin of ours whom we had known and liked very much when we were a great deal younger than we are now; although, for the matter of that, we are not so very old even at this writing. The weather was becoming very warm in the city. We had nothing to do, and nearly enough money to enable us to stay at Long Branch, or at any fashionable watering-place where swell actresses go.

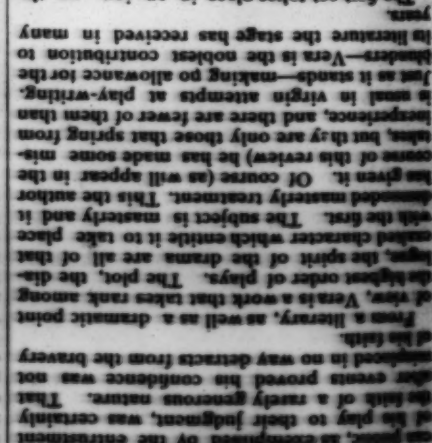
None of us had a very definite idea as to what kind of people they were, for cousin Harry was quite young when he left home, and we had not had the benefit of his impressions of it, after he had seen the world and gone back to it again with his larger experiences of life. Mamma thought it would be about the best thing we could do, for she remembered having been in the Green Mountains when she was a girl, and had no end of stories to tell of the beautiful scenery and simple, honest people who seemed to be a natural outgrowth of all its sweet freshness. We really grew to be quite enthusiastic about the good, simple people among whom we had made up our minds to spend two of the most delightful months our lives. We would have just as much fresh milk as ever we could drink—real milk, not millionaire's milk—and butter and eggs so much fresher and purer than anybody could get in New York. We would drive about through the cool shadows of the country roads, and then some fine day, when we found a quiet sylvan spot far from any human sound, we would, after bathing in the still glory of the beauty about us, read Keats' "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and find a world of beauty in it that we had never known before. In fact, we would revel to our hearts' content in all the health-giving happiness of an idyllic country life, and come back in the Fall with glowing cheeks and rounded limbs and bright eyes, and go to work with that renewed energy born of blissful rest among green fields and mountain breezes. So we decided to accept the kind invitation of our relatives, and sending word to that effect, made instant preparation for departure.

I cannot more forcibly convey to the mind of the unsuspecting reader the contrast between the startling reality and our poetical anticipation than by quoting the following letter, which, on my arrival at the homestead, I proceeded to indite to a young male person in whom I take a faint interest:

DEAR FRED—We came at the strangest hour of dawn yesterday, and the sun in its glory did not have time to spill its rays on our cramped cage. We anchored at this small village on the bank of the river, after a long, cramped, hot day in the cars and saw the trouble begin. We complained into a carefully conventional country public. You can easily imagine the condition of the party involved. We were kept there exactly one hour, in all our glory, dirt and hunger. Then we were accompanied [illegible] to our own wants. You cautioned me against [illegible] in less than three days my endurance to [illegible]. Alas dread, very little of it, very little of it; gingo—only, very little of it, only a little.

[illegible] to the appointed order, where I am [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

At the Theatres.



There was a great surprise in store for the people who gathered at the Union Square Theatre last night. They had come to laugh, they remained to applaud. If Oscar Wilde should ever wish to write a play, evidently the stage is the place, for he has a knack of writing bright lines and telling epigrams. Besides, he has the courage of his convictions, for he does not hesitate to say what he thinks of the world. As it seems to us, he is a man of more than ordinary ability, but he is also a man who has a mission, and that mission is to preach the gospel of the beautiful. He is a poet, a dreamer, a man who sees the beauty of the world around him, and he wants others to see it also. He is a man who has a message to deliver, and he delivers it in a manner that is unique and entertaining. He is a man who has the courage of his convictions, and he is a man who is not afraid to express his opinions. Besides all this, he is a man who has written a play which, if it is not a success, is at least a novelty, and a novelty that is refreshing in these days of stereotyped productions. Mr. Wilde's play is called "Vera, or the Nihilists," and it is the first production of the season at the Union Square Theatre. It is a story of Russian life, and the author has taken for the motive of his play the attempt of the Nihilists to assassinate the Czar. The plot is a simple one, and the author has not attempted to make it complicated. He has told his story in a straightforward manner, and he has told it well. The first act takes place in an inn, on the Steppes belonging to Peter Savaroff, the avaricious father of Vera. The latter is loved by a rough peasant Michael, but the passion is not returned by the young girl. A gang of Nihilists is chains and on their way to the mines of Siberia are brought in by a guard commanded by a bluff Colonel, who seeks the inn for refreshment. While mingling to the wants of the famished convicts, Vera recognizes in one of them her brother Dmitri. He tells her that in St. Petersburg he became a convert to the cause of Nihilism, was arrested, and is now on his way to serve his sentence in the mines. Before leaving the inn with the guard, Dimitri manages to extract an oath from his sister to devote her life to avenging him and the wrongs of the people, has dismissed his attendants and guards, and she has no difficulty in effecting an entrance. As she is about to dispatch him the Czar awakes, delighted to find his foe so near at hand. Her hand is paralyzed; she sheathes her dagger, conquers her sanguine designs and falls into the arms of the man she loves. But their bliss is short-lived. Midnight has arrived, and with it a mob of Nihilists at the palace gates. Soon their hoarse cries are heard clamoring for the crimson dagger which is to hurl to them from the window as the signal that the bloody deed has been committed. At this critical moment, when the life of her lover trembles in the balance, Vera secures herself to a terrific sacrifice. She plunges the dirk into her own heart, casts it to the growling bloodhounds below, who immediately set up a great shout of triumph; then with the shriek, "God save the Czar!" falls dead at the feet of the Emperor.

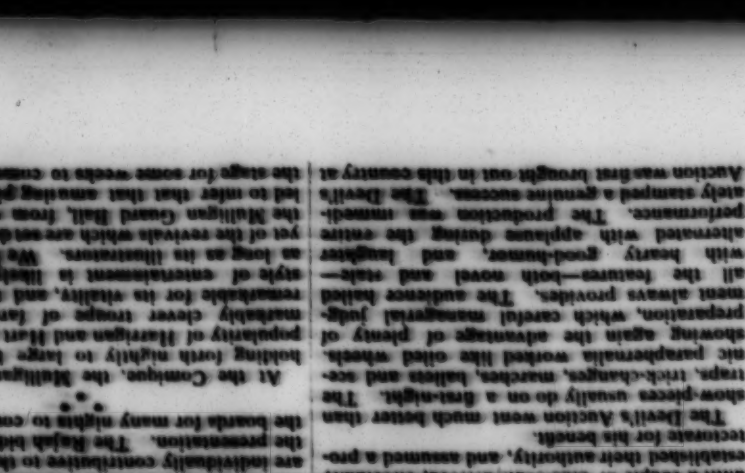
The first three acts of the play have all the elements of success. The situations are dramatic and thrilling and the language is pointed, terse and fairly vigorous. As Prince Paul, for instance, the hero of the piece, is a low-comedian, solely because he has usually played low comedy parts in this city, manifested a hitherto unknown capability for a higher grade of work. As Prince Paul, the grimly humorous and cynical statesman, he made an instant hit. George Boniface as the Czar gave a strong picture of that character as conceived by Mr. Wilde. He was a trifle too boisterous at times; but on the whole the impersonation was satisfactory. Fred Lotto doubled a serious and a comic part successfully, displaying in the two distinct presentations a good deal of versatility. George Paxton as the grim and handsome General did himself credit. The other members of the cast were quite acceptable.

The scenery was up to the standard established by the management of this theatre. It was not only picturesque and beautiful, but correct as well, which is more than can be said of the mounting given most Russian plays.

At the close of the performance Mr. Wilde was called before the curtain and a speech demanded of him. He made a few sensible remarks, thanking the people for their courtesy and expressing his gratitude for having been enabled to present his piece to an American audience with an American company.

The lobby of the Union Square has been beautifully decorated with marbleized glass during the Summer interim, and the effect is artistic and attractive. Some other improvements have been made in the interior of the house.

So vast was the crowd which besieged the



fourteenth Street Theatre on Saturday night that the green door keeper and ushers found difficulty in getting the people past the portals and seated. Uncle Sam Colville, sporting a broad expanse of shiny shirt-front, and a countenance which greeted passers-by with a pleasant smile and deadbeads with a wicked frown, did the honors at the gate. At eight o'clock the auditorium was packed, literally to suffocation; there were many veteran first-nighters in the parquet and a sprinkling of professionals. Up aloft in the gallery the ready element predominated. Evidently the Man with the Kazan, whose business it is to maintain order, was unequal to the job, for when the coalies young rufians who kicked up the disturbance were told to keep quiet, they jeered him unmercifully, and one grimy-faced boot-black yelled in a shrill voice to an acquaintance on the opposite side of the theatre: "Say, Bleecy, git on to de dude," which irreverent epithet Bleecy, for nothing more was heard from him for the remainder of the performance.

The Devlin Auction went much better than the first night. The show-pieces usually do on a first-night. The trap, trick-changes, mazettes, ballets and scenic paraphernalia worked like oiled wheels, showing again the advantage of plenty of preparation, which careful management judgment always provides. The audience hailed all the features—both novel and stale—with hearty good-humor, and laughter alternated with applause during the entire performance. The production was remarkably stamped a genuine success. The Devlin Auction was first brought out in this country at the stage for some weeks to come.

* * *

At the Comique, the Mulligan family are holding forth nightly to large houses. The popularity of Mulligan and Hart and their organization is deservedly great, and their original style of entertainment is likely to endure as long as it is illustrious. We hear nothing yet of the revivals which are set down to follow the Mulligan Guard Ball, from which we are led to infer that another Devlin will hold the stage for some weeks to come.

* * *

The Devlin Auction will no doubt enjoy a succession of crowded houses during its remainder of its fortnight engagement, and the three G's who preside over its destinies are to be congratulated on having safely passed the hazards for many nights to come.

* * *

If anything were needed to prove the popularity of the Madison Square Theatre the lack-a-day week leaves no room for doubt. Notwithstanding the stifling current of opposition developed by the formal opening of the principal season at three important theatres, the Rajah continues to draw appreciative audiences, which certainly are adding to the profits of the management. Mr. Young's comedy, as we have before remarked, improves upon acquaintance—a rare thing in pieces of so light a character. The acting is perfection of its kind. Gerald Eyre is the same manly fellow he always was in the character, and Miss Rehan is the same bewitching creature as Helena. Her singing of the Mendelssohn "Spring Song" is a treat in itself, and her dancing is a revelation. Her acting throughout is delightful, and her impersonation of the character is one of the most charming pieces of work on the stage. Miss Rehan is supported by the entire company, who have just settled down to their work after the summer vacation, and will appear to their best advantage during the coming month.

* * *

Music will usher in the preliminary season at Daly's cosy house. By a special arrangement with Manager Abbey, Edgar and Ellard will be represented to night (Thursday) with an entirely new production of "Ours," which has been successful in London and Paris, and which will be presented by the following excellent cast: Kitty, McCarthy; Sweet, Dougan and Mrs. Gilbert; Blanche, Miss Rehan; Prince Paulin, Crane; Count Orloff, Drew; Lord Dundreary, Lewis; Colonel Pinkerton, Leclercq; Captain Hawtree, Gilbert; Angus McAllister, Fisher; Bertie, Lewis; Sam, Burnett; Mary, Miss Hudson. Manager Daly will also present a new comedy by Sydney Grundy, entitled "A Bunch of Violets," which will be produced in October. The company will remain intact, and the same excellent cast will appear in the new piece. Manager Daly has also secured the right to produce Pinero's new play, "The Profligate," which is now being performed at the Lyceum Theatre, London, by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. The piece will be produced in this city during the coming season.

* * *

Os Bradley sails for the Grand Opera House with "The Queen o' Hearts." Manager Abbey has booked all the leading comedians that the Queen has marshalled for the battle of the season, and the prophet seeks to place all hope of success on the shoulders of the clever company. Everybody knows Os Bradley, and everybody knows that he is a comedian of the first water, and that he has the ability to make a success of anything he undertakes. Associated with him are Frank Gardner, Charles Arthur, Harry Fisher, Frank Bangs, Miss Lizzie Mulvey, Miss Ada Lewis, Miss Lizzie Hudson, Miss Lizzie Wilson, Miss Lizzie Mayo and Miss Lizzie Bennett. It seems as though the manager had a penchant for the name Lizzie, but as the ladies so named are all clever, no objection can be offered. The opening piece will be "The Queen o' Hearts," by Edward Rose, and the company will remain intact during the season. Manager Abbey has also secured the right to produce Pinero's new play, "The Profligate," which is now being performed at the Lyceum Theatre, London, by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry. The piece will be produced in this city during the coming season. Manager Abbey has booked all the leading comedians that the Queen has marshalled for the battle of the season, and the prophet seeks to place all hope of success on the shoulders of the clever company. Everybody knows Os Bradley, and everybody knows that he is a comedian of the first water, and that he has the ability to make a success of anything he undertakes. Associated with him are Frank Gardner, Charles Arthur, Harry Fisher, Frank Bangs, Miss Lizzie Mulvey, Miss Ada Lewis, Miss Lizzie Hudson, Miss Lizzie Wilson, Miss Lizzie Mayo and Miss Lizzie Bennett. It seems as though the manager had a penchant for the name Lizzie, but as the ladies so named are all clever, no objection can be offered. The opening piece will be "The Queen o' Hearts," by Edward Rose, and the company will remain intact during the season. Manager Daly

A True Story of False Love.

BY JOHN MCCULLOUGH.

I am going to tell you a story with nothing new in it, for it is a tale of man's love and woman's treachery, and that is an old, old story, old as the everlasting hills. Has not the great master of the mind, Shakespeare, shown us the Queen of Denmark turning her fickle eyes away from

> Hyperion's curley the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination and a form, indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man,

to those upon

> A wildered ear,
> Hanging his wholesome brother—
> A slave that is not worthy to part the title
> Of your gossamer lord—a vice of kings,
> A cutpurse of the empire and the rule—
> A king of shreds and patches.

Has he not pictured the fair but frail Lady Anne, forgetting her young husband, Edward, for his murderer, who, in blank astonishment at his own success, wonders that she could forsake one thus whom

> A warrior and a lovelier gentleman,
> Framed in the prodigality of nature,
> Young, valiant, wise and, no doubt, right royal,
> The spacious world cannot again afford;
> And will she yet abase her eyes on me;
> On me whose all not equals Edward's moiety;
> On me that halt and am misshapen thus?

True, we have also the fair Ophelia,

> Of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That sucked the honey of his music vows,

and who, for the love of Hamlet, "willfully sought her own salvation." We know of the gentle Juliet, who, for love, dared the horrors of the charnel house, and, for love, died in very truth—sheathing her Romeo's dagger in her faithful heart. We read of Imogen, offering her life to Posthumus' unjust command, and we do not deny that there are women who are true as needle to the pole; but, nevertheless, wise men of all ages have crystallized woman's inconstancy into proverb and condensed feminine insincerity and readiness to barter their beauty for gold into axiom. How often do we see a lovely girl sell herself to a deformed Satyr for money or rank—nay, even the bribe of fine clothes and a few gaudy trinkets will outweigh the love of an honest heart, the pledge of an honest hand. The story I am going to relate is an example of this, and without further prologue I will tell my tale, merely adding that it is all true, absolutely true—a tale in which "I do nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but simply tell the tale as 'twas told to me by one of the principal actors.

In the course of my peregrinations throughout these United States of America I made frequent visits to a large and important city—so large and important, indeed, that it ranks among the very first of those centres of wealth and luxury that give reputation to artists and control the taste of the rest of the country. The manager of the theatre in which I always acted on my visit to —— was a tall, good-looking fellow of middle age, and a man of true culture and refinement—in fact, a gentleman by birth and education, devoted to the kindred avocations of Literature, the Stage and Music, in all three of which he was a skilled adept. Community of tastes brought us together in private, and Frank Lorrimere and I became fast friends. He was getting up a grand spectacular production of one of the most poetic plays I ever witnessed, the cast of which absolutely required a young girl of good appearance and skilled in music and singing, to play one of the chief parts. Frank was almost at his wit's end. The great production was to follow my engagement, and that had only two weeks to run. The scenery was all complete; the rest of the *dramatis personæ* had rehearsed to perfection; but just one fortnight before the piece was to burst upon an expectant public, the singing juvenile lady was taken ill and forced to resign her part. What was to be done? None of the ordinary opera-bouffe soubrettes, with their bleached locks and burlesque style, would do. The part called for a graceful girl of prepossessing features and of peculiar musical talent, inasmuch as the personator must not only sing well, but also accompany herself upon the harp in the characteristic costume of the Spirit of Erin—the Graine Uaile, the Cathleen ni Oulahan, that represents in Irish legend the impersonation of the romance and patriotism of "Bauba, the land of streams." Frank was an Irishman. So was I. To me he came, in his trouble, for sympathy and counsel, and thus I learned the true story I am going to tell.

One day, at rehearsal, while the prompter was reading the part of Deirdre with many groans and muttered imprecations, and the leader of the orchestra was vainly trying to give the wild and pathetic music that Deirdre should have sung, on a fiddle, the hall-keeper brought a note to the manager. Frank opened the envelope and read. Then he came out to where I was standing apart and asked: "John, did you ever hear of a young girl by the name of Janet Cruise, a singer?"

"There is none such in the army of any sort," quoted I from Much Ado About Nothing.

"Well, but she's just arrived from San Francisco."

"The devil she has. Why, that's my place of second bitch, my dramatic foster-mother. Let's have her in by all means."

"Show the young lady into my office," said Frank to the hall-keeper, and as soon as the act was over we repaired together to the manager's sanctum sanctorum, where we found a young woman and an elderly woman waiting for us, or, rather, for the manager. The girl was not exactly pretty, but she had that indescribable quality of sympathetic attraction—that magnetism that is surer to please than regular features and symmetrical form. Her face was of the true Italian type—a low, broad forehead, deep blue eyes, clear olive complexion, with a tinge of color in her cheeks like the inside of a shell; a nose somewhat classy and indicative to the physiologist of a self-contained nature, but a nice enough nose when taken with the other features. Her upper lip was a trifle too long and Celtic in form. Her mouth was like a rosebud newly opened, and her teeth like rows of India pearls. Altogether, although not a strictly beautiful, still, a very charming face, crowned by a wealth of golden-brown hair that was coiled round her shapely head in a shining mass—in fact, Frank and me afterward, in a kind of adoring rapture, said her hair was sixty-three inches long. She was very poorly dressed, so shabbily, in fact, as to suggest absolute want. Her boots were worn on her shapely feet, her gloves were mended, and her hat covered with a gauze veil to conceal its condition of shabbiness, she looked every inch a lady, and a remarkably good one. As for Master Frank, I saw at a glance that he was gone. "Mashed" would be a word too feeble to express the state of gentleness that my friend, unfamiliar with the ordinary types of stage beauty—adamant to the charms of masculine-dressed soubrettes and pallid leering ladies—proof against prima donnas and carriers of corypheus—had been reduced to by that quiet, pensive, but withal intellectual face, and that lithe figure so suggestive of luxurious abandonment, and yet so almost conventual in its modest bearing.

The old lady opened the ball by saying: "Mr. Lorrimere, we have been informed that there is a vacancy in your company for a singing lady, and my niece has come to apply for the position."

Frank bowed and said: "Yes, madam; you are right; our singing lady is ill, and I want somebody to fill her place. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?"

"My name is Mrs. Anna Oldtown, formerly a rather well known actress, but long since retired from the profession; and this is my niece, Miss Janet Cruise, whom I believe you will find to be thoroughly capable of filling the vacant place in your cast."

My introduction to the ladies followed, and then Frank proposed to hear the young lady's voice. A harp stood in the room, intended for the use of the missing vocalist, and Miss Cruise, modestly seating herself, began to play. A few rich, resonant chords, then a plaintive voice full of mysterious tenderness—a voice most musical and most melancholy—stole upon our ears in magic melody. Frank's face was a study. He seemed wrapt in an ecstasy as the music "came o'er him like the sweet sough that breathes upon a bank of violets." She sang that most exquisite of airs, "The Coolun," that sounds like the breaking of a heart, and she sang it with a meaning expression that seemed to come from her very soul. Of course, she was engaged on the spot, and descended at once to the stage, whither the long-unused harp was also conveyed. The part was given her to read, to the great contentment of the prompter, and the musical director handed her the score, which she read with the utmost facility. The rehearsals now went smoothly on, and the mutual attraction existing between the manager and the new actress was evident to all the company, and was, of course, the theme of many an ill-natured remark born of jealousy and spite. In fact, the love-making was rather more on Janet's part than his. She never seemed easy if he was not by her side. The smiles and sneers of the company were quite indifferent to her; she was polite to all, but to him she showed an affectionate tenderness of manner that would have ensnared the heart of a stoical German, much more that of a susceptible Irishman of mellow age and imaginative disposition.

The old lady disappeared. Lorrimere dropped into the habit of calling every morning to escort the girl to rehearsal, and to accompany her home every afternoon. They lunched together, and went together to the theatre. In fact, there was no disguise attempted—the affair was public property. Lorrimere was unmarried; so was the fair Janet. His attentions were unmistakable; so was her reception of them. The thing was apparently settled, and when I, at the conclusion of my engagement, "folded my tent and silently stole away" to fill my date in the next town on my route, I bade them farewell with the expressed hope that I should return in time to be Frank's best man. The rest I learned from Frank himself, whom I met afterward in New York, just as he was departing for Europe, "a sadder and a wiser man."

The piece was produced and made an immense hit. Janet's singing and modest beauty were the chief attractions. She electrified the audience by her performance of "The Coolun" in the original Celtic, dressed in a long white Druidic robe with a coronal of shamrock in her rich hair, which hung in heavy braids down to her feet. Frank would stand at the wings enraptured, and when she came off, after a hurricane of applause, his were the eyes she looked into for sympathy, his were the hands she put her own into in trust and joyful confidence. Frank revelled in his fools' paradise. He had set up an image of gold, as he thought, and bowed down and worshipped it, as is the wont of men of poetic temperament, who are prone to endow some pretty piece of flesh with their own spirituality, and thus become unconscious self-idolators. As for the charming Janet, she was all softness, all love. Her eyes met Frank's in liquid longing; her hand met his with clinging clasp; her waist seemed never so fitly girdled as by his arm and her tempting lips pouted as if to ask for his kisses. The broken boots, the mended gloves, the shabby garments had vanished, and neat bottines encased her pretty feet, twelve-button mousquetaire gloves sheathed her arms, which, sooth to say, were somewhat too long for symmetry and needed a good many buttons to come high enough. The napless hat had given place to a pretty confection of silk, lace and feathers. Janet Cruise was like a butterfly lately broken forth from the chrysalis. Needless to say that all this splendor was paid for by the infatuated Lorrimere, who deemed no offering too rich to lay at the shrine of his goddess.

But there is a seamy side to everything. The grand Hibernian historical, spectacular and musical drama of Deirdre, the Daughter of Usnach, had cost fabulous sums to put on the stage, and, sooth to say, after the first week the houses fell off. Now, when a manager begins to lose money he loses it with a rush. Dramatic speculation is like gambling: you either break the bank or the bank breaks you. There is no middle path. Lorrimere began to drop his money with a celerity familiar to those who have been there themselves, and became somewhat crippled. From the first performance of the Deirdre, an ancient Irishman named Carroll O'Carroll had fallen desperately in love with the intoxicating Janet. He was not a handsome man—indeed, he was quite the opposite. He was club-footed as Asmodeus and hump-backed as Æsop. But he was rich, very rich, disgustingly rich. He had come from Ireland as a boy, and had worked his way up from sweeping out office floors and "polishing up the handle of the big front door," to the proud possessor of a liquor-shop all to his own self. He graduated as ward politician, office-holder, alderman, and now could call himself by the sounding title of "Boss." He was a power in the land, notwithstanding his ignorance, vulgarity and deformity. As affairs grew worse with Lorrimere, Mr. Carroll O'Carroll became a more frequent visitor to Janet, and on the final collapse of the spectacular drama that young lady announced that she had accepted the charge of the Boss' young daughters as their governess for the Summer. Frank was astounded, but trusting wholly in his fair enslaver's honor and truth, he said nothing. He knew that Janet had an impecunious family to support, for he had many times supplied her with funds wherewith to relieve their necessities.

The Summer was in full glare and the theatre had closed with a loss. Janet, with her head on his shoulder and her lips on his cheek, swore that she would never forget him and would come back to the theatre in the Fall, "like a dove that seeketh its mother's nest." And at Frank's hinting at the evident amorous designs of the Boss, she had laughed in his face at the idea. Well, to make my story short, Frank Lorrimere agreed to her going away for the Summer with the promise that she would write to him every day. He paid her last milliner's bill; gave her her last instalment of jewelry—a bracelet, with his family crest and the inscription, "Cushla Ma Chree" (pulse of my heart); took her for the last time to the theatre and supper afterward; met her the next day to renew their vows of truth and love; kissed and parted with tears and oaths of constancy—and never heard of her from that day to the day on which I encountered him starting for Europe—pale, thin and wrecked, the victim of woman's treachery and man's folly—having given up his career, his theatre, his all, in the faint hope of being able to forget the poor "feckless" thing that had sold herself to a deformed dwarf for filthy lucre. I strove to comfort him by bringing to his mind the numberless instances of like deceit that our mutual experience of the world and the stage had shown us; but the wound was too fresh—the scar had not yet healed—and I saw that the wisest plan was to let him "gang his ain gait," confident that his mental balance was too well poised to be totally overthrown by an unworthy woman. And I was right, for the next season saw Richard himself again, able to laugh at his past folly, and even to see his false love seated with her crook-back tyrant, for tyrant he proved to be, in a stage-box in his own theatre, directly opposite his own true bride, whom he had met in London, and who had found out the way to heal his famished heart, and to make him believe that there were Ophelias and Juliets in the world as well as Gertrudes and Lady Annes.

And thus I will leave them, and bring "my ower true tale" to an end with the comfortable saying of Benedick—

> Men have died and worms have eaten them;
> But not for love.

The Juvenile Man.

(A TRUE STORY.)

BY FRANCIS WILSON.

He had been a juvenile man of some repute, and had been looked upon by his co-laborers as quite exemplary in his habits. When he married a Miss Martha Tate, who was not a "professional" lady, all those who knew the husband predicted a happy future for the wife, and those who knew the wife made the same cheerful prediction for the husband; and when Time had weighed them in the matrimonial balance, be it said to their credit that neither was found seriously wanting.

It seemed almost impossible that anything could break in upon an affection so strong, so pure as theirs.

Something did, though.

Something that they in their wealth of health and love had failed to take into serious consideration—death!

No one knew exactly how it happened except that he had been at the theatre the night previous, and played his part in splendid spirits—as if the world were ne'er so bright to him before—and that word had come in the morning that he was dead—of heart-disease. The death was so sudden and the man so well beloved that little else came up for discussion in theatrical circles for the next few days following the sad event. The surprise and regret occasioned by the sudden taking-off of the actor was small compared to what was felt when it was learned he had left his wife and child almost penniless. How came it that he who had been looked upon by all the young men of the profession as a model worthy of emulation had not seemingly the rainy-day virtue of economy!

It came to pass, by way of explanation, that in addition to his immediate family, the juvenile man had depending upon him a mother and a sister who had contracted the not inexpensive habit of eating, and whose appetites, like Banquo's ghost, would not "down." Yet, notwithstanding these taxes upon his resources, our young man had managed to lay to his credit some few thousand dollars, which he had imprudently, rashly—he almost came to think later on—loaned a friend of long, long standing. His explanation of the act came to the wife from the husband in a posthumous letter, from which the following is an extract:

> The five thousand dollars ($5,000) loaned J—— P. H——, the note for which you will find enclosed, I tremble to think, is likely lost to us forever. It was the greater portion of the safeguard I had gained for our future, and only the strong influences that were brought to bear, together with assurances of perfect safety, induced me to allow it to pass out of my hands. May God grant there may never be any necessity for you to read these lines, and that I may be with you many years after this seeming danger has passed. The note is long overdue and I have not yet lost all hope of its being paid, nor have I lost all confidence in J—— P. H——.

Then followed a few words of directions as to the whereabouts of J—— P. H——, his place of business, etc., etc.

And was this all the widow was to receive from the earnings of her husband? Was this all that was left of the little fortune her thrift had helped him save? As heavy as the thought made her already weighted heart, it brought with it no feeling of harshness against him who was peacefully sleeping by the hillside.

Mechanically, and with a feeling of great hopelessness, the widow addresses a letter to the borrower of her husband's money, and folding her boy to her breast, commends her child and self to the all-wise care of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

Friends were not lacking in offers of assistance, and as the months passed on and the little stock of money the widow possessed gradually diminished, the kindly offers of help, from necessity, though reluctantly enough, were on the point of being accepted.

An accidental meeting (but who knows if not divinely devised!) turned the whole current of events.

—

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Don't mention it, sonny. Much to blame as yourself. We evidently didn't see each other; hence the collision. But tell me what's your name—I should like to know such a polite little boy?"

"Harry L——."

"Harry L——? Let me look at your face. By Jove! the very cut. Tell me, boy, is your papa an actor?"

"He was, sir; he's dead."

"Yes; of course ;he's dead. I know, my boy, I know—and you live with your mamma, where?"

"Rear of 243 W. —d street."

"At last! good. Is your mamma well?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, she is quite pale and sick."

"Well, my boy," hastily drawing an envelope from his pocket and writing thereon, "take this to your mamma as quickly as your little legs will carry you, and say, furthermore, that I will call to-morrow."

As if conscious the letter given him contained some joyful intelligence that was going to bring immediate health and happiness to his mother, the little fellow scarcely stopped to breathe till he had placed the mysterious missive in his mother's lap.

A few hastily spoken words of explanation from the boy, and tremblingly the wan fingers of the woman break the seal that hides from her gaze she knows not what. Visions of brighter days pass before her eyes and the sorrow of the past has already become as a cloud upon the far-away horizon.

To open the paper full before her is but the work of an instant, and now thoroughly agitated she reads:

> In life, in death,
> In care, in toil,
> Be sure to use St. Jacob's Oil.

An Adventure at Wargrave

BY AUGUSTA ROCHE.

I was one of those fortunate people who had a standing invitation to Henley-on-Thames for six weeks every year, and as it is one of the loveliest spots in all England, I need hardly say I used to look forward to my midsummer holiday with the greatest pleasure. Nearly all the towns situated on the Thames are beautiful and surrounded by places of interest; but Henley is especially adapted for dreaming away a brief period of six weeks or so. The town is a sleepy, dreamy little village, situated right on the banks of the river, and surrounded by hills covered with forests, out of which peep the handsome residences of the nobility and gentry, who generally spend some months of the year there, causing almost a panic among the quiet villagers when they would drive into town to make some small purchases. Only at the time of the Regatta, and then for the short period of one week, would the sleepy inhabitants awaken to bustle and confusion; and this mild dissipation sufficed them for the remaining eleven months and three weeks of the year. Notwithstanding the general dullness which prevails, there are drives, walks, places of interest, to say nothing of the boating—more than enough to amuse any visitors for a long time, independently of the many picnic parties and water excursions gotten up among the families called the "leading people of the village;" and it is at one of those picnics I am going to endeavor to describe a funny adventure in which I participated.

About four miles from Henley, along the Thames, was an estate called Wargrave, belonging, if I do not mistake, to the Duke of Portland—the house a very old structure, built on the top of a hill well wooded. Among the curiosities of the place were some strange subterranean passages and caves, which led directly from the house to the river, and supposed to have been used as hiding-places or a means of escape in the time of the wars between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads in the reign of Charles I. These passages were built on the principle of a maze, having several entrances and exits, now guarded by iron gates to keep out tramps, gypsies and such like people. These gates were only opened by the guides, who were hired and kept on the estate to show pleasure parties and other visitors the mysteries of the place. So intricate were they that few would venture through unless attended by some of these guides. The party to which I had been invited was a water picnic, and was to be held at Wargrave. About thirty of us assembled at the Old Ship Hotel, at Henley, where a large pleasure-boat (covered with an awning) awaited to take us to the spot chosen by our hostess for the picnic, a substantial lunch having been sent on previously, so that when we arrived we had nothing to do but eat, drink and enjoy ourselves, which we did most thoroughly, doing the usual walks, boating, croquet, etc. And as the evening approached, it was proposed, as several were strangers to the neighborhood, that we should go through the "dark arches," the name, by the bye, of the subterranean passages and caves. Of course, we all agreed. We arrived at one of the entrances in time to see the torch of the guide disappearing in the distance. What should we do? Give it up? No. One of the gardeners belonging to the estate possessed a key. He offered to let us through. As we could easily see the party in advance, and several of us knowing our way pretty well, we decided to go. The guide opened the gate, and we went in. It was then shut upon us and locked, and we started off, in comparative darkness, to follow our leaders. I was among those in the rear.

After we had proceeded about a hundred yards a bracelet was discovered to be missing. Five or six of us returned to seek for the lost treasure the rest of the party going on ahead. We soon found the bracelet, and turned to retrace our steps. Alas! whether owing to the darkness or our own heedlessness, we took a wrong turning, and after some twisting about found ourselves in a good-sized cave, with three or four outlets to it. Of course we didn't know which to take, and ultimately struck on one which proved to be quite wrong. At least, we judged it to be so, seeing that it narrowed into admitting only one at a time, and so low that when it ultimately came to a question of crawling on hands and knees we beat a precipitous retreat, and once more found ourselves in the cave. Again we ventured, this time more fortunately, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Fuses, matches and fun again reigned, and we were beginning to laugh over our misadventure, when one of the most unearthly noises I ever heard in my life arose, apparently close to us, which was followed by loud, sterterous breathing and a kind of heavy, shambling tread. We felt that "something" was coming steadily toward and after us. I felt myself turn sick and green with fright, and my companion had the benefit of the impression of my five fingers on his arm for some time afterward. Matches and fuses were discarded, and we all ignominously flew rather than walked along our dark pathway, steadily followed by the "thing." Again it gave forth the horrible noise, and fled the faster, stumbling over the loose stones and clutching frantically the damp, oozy walls. I felt by this time nearly paralyzed with fright. Just then, by a sudden turn, we saw a speck of light and knew we were within a short distance of an exit. If it were possible, we increased our speed, not daring to stop to light a match. Matters were becoming desperate; the noise behind us kept increasing as "it" evidently approached us nearer and nearer. One gentleman ran on ahead shouting and screaming in the hope of attracting the attention of someone outside. Luckily our party, having missed us, were waiting with the gate open; and need I say we tumbled out rather than got through out, and turned speedily to see if our foes were well founded or due to some practical joke. Judge, our surprise when the noise was again heard, this time by the whole party. We had regained our courage, and fearlessly collected round the entrance, thirty strong, with the determination to brave all peril. A few moments later, out of the pitch-dark passage emitted an old donkey which had been shut in accidentally by the guide!

"The Mirror" at Home and Theatres Abroad.

BY IRENE ACKERMAN.

THE MIRROR is an American mirror, an honest mirror, not a flattering French mirror; not a dull, ponderous, old-fashioned, royalty-loving *Era* mirror, which, like the Thames, only gives a faint reflection of the goers and comers when illuminated by the great lights thrown on it from the tower of the House of Lords, with the approval of the Lord Chamberlain; but, like our own clear, beauteous Hudson, a bright, truthful mirror, reflecting, without other aid than the light of Heaven, the images of the people, showing passing things on its surface as impartially as the camera obscura or the forces of nature. Such is THE NEW YORK MIRROR—a benefit to the theatrical profession and a source of dramatic knowledge to the public.

Reader dear, if you doubt this, or are of the opinion that I should not think so much of THE MIRROR, spend a while in smoky London or even in beautiful Paris, condemned to read the heavy *Era* or the lighter French journals to obtain a knowledge of things theatrical: then how your eye will brighten and your heart be gladdened, and with what speed you will hasten to buy and how you will enjoy a good look into a NEW YORK MIRROR. If it shows you what you had rather not see, recollect that is not the fault of THE MIRROR. Do not be angry with it, but use it to remedy the defects it discloses.

I often go to THE MIRROR for information and instruction. While in Europe this Summer, naturally I looked into it oftener and longer than at home. But seeing in it more in praise of our own theatres and our own artists than in other journals, I thought, my dear MIRROR, you are so American, that, like Mora's pictures, the very light and air assists you in producing these delightful impressions. But you flatter too much. I'll go and see for myself. Thus thinking, I went to Drury Lane to see Youth and Harris. (I had seen it at Wallack's.) Now, thought I, here is a fair test of the truth of THE MIRROR. I will see if it does not too highly praise American theatres, and with this object I took a seat in Drury Lane.

In the dirty, dingy, old, great-grandfather Drury, with its bad ventilation and worse exits no more to be compared to the beautiful, bright Wallack's, with its safety, wide entrances, modern improvements, grandeur, comfort, elegant mechanical adornments of stage, house and *tout ensemble*, than was the inferior acting of Harris himself to the superior, finished style of the elder Wallack, or the splendid management of the junior. In a short sentence, and a truthful one, Drury Lane, its stage, people and its presentation of Youth, was as far inferior in each and all as an old English penny is to a new twenty-dollar American gold piece, or as the English theatrical printing to the American.

Next night I thought I would go and see acting—"great acting." "The greatest living actor," so said all England over, under and about the name of Irving. "The greatest" should be prefixed to the word "mannerism." In England it is set down as the capstone of the arch of artistic dramatic excellence. I doubt, however, if it will be so considered in America.

Space will not permit me to particularize. Briefly, then, I found that so far from THE MIRROR flattering American theatres and artists at the expense of those abroad, it showed them in a better light than I perceived them. The American theatre is a place of amusement and enjoyment for the people. Not so the European theatre. There, society is composed of distinct and separate classes. In America every man, and an increasing number of the women, think for themselves, and certainly do not follow the likes or dislikes of any prince or potentate, critic or *savant*, when they seek amusement at theatre or festival. There is but one class in America—the people. The King of the Sandwich Islands may be a card for one night: so is Dennis Kearney or Oscar Wilde; but only for one night. Some may deny this, and cite Mrs. Langtry as proof to the contrary.

There are fifty millions of people in the United States, and over one million and a quarter in New York. There are a great many places and fools in this big land, and a great many curiosity-hunters—in fact, lovers, of all kinds of novelties. They went to see Mrs. Langtry, but the same people did not go twice when there was anything else in town.

After visiting the principal theatres in London, I came to the conclusion that it offers a fine opening for a first-class American manager. If a syndicate of American capitalists want to astonish the world, let them build a bright, comfortable theatre in London—on the American plan. Then let it be managed on the American plan by an American manager. The result would be as complete a revolution in the theatrical business in London as The Langham, conducted by an American made-la "keeping a hotel." Such a theatre in London, managed and conducted like our New York theatres, would by its superiority speedily become the most popular, as well as the best paying, in England.

I am not speaking of the opera or the ballet. But even as to them I assert that without Government aid they could not exist in Europe as well as in America. If this is not true, why is it that Colonel Mapleson does not stay at Her Majesty's instead of crossing three thousand miles of sea twice a year? Is he a missionary travelling in a foreign land doing good, without fee or hope of reward? Or why did the French Government build, and why does it now pay a yearly stipend to, the Grand Opera House in Paris?

The truth is, Americans have been told so often, from 1776 to date, that the Old World and all it contains is something for them to bow down to and worship, that they believe it themselves. They had better consult their own NEW YORK MIRROR, for from it they will obtain truer information about others, and acquire a higher opinion of themselves and of the theatrical profession in America.

A Ball-Room Good-Bye.

Be gay and I must part, it seems;
Don't tremble so nor droop your head—
These parting words are nothing new;
As judgment makes the sleeping dead;
And so, in spite of ache or sigh,
We two must say, at last—good-bye!

Good-bye! How glib from off the tongue,
How calmly said, such words as this
By lips that late in anguish clung
All mute in passion's parting kiss!
A mere "Good-bye!" a careless smile,
And—two hearts breaking all the while.

O wise and philosophic men,
Who coin fine wisdom for our sons,
Do ye apply your maxims then
To hearts with bitter grief o'erflows?
Can ye from Hell's current make rest,
And, tranquil, say "What is, is best?"

I beg your pardon, sweet ma'shay,
I should applaud your "sans gêne,"
But bitter thoughts are hard to bury
And—we must speak our last to-night,
Must say farewell where now we stand,
Not lip to lip, nor hand to hand;

But coolly callous, smiling, gay,
With steady voice and careless eye;
No aching throb must now betray
Your heart to others whirling by;
You must be stoic for a while,
And force your lips to frame a smile.

Methinks 'twould make my sorrow less,
And rob regret of half its pain,
Thy scent, and lips once more to press,
And clasp thee to this heart again;
For us, though loth to be unkind,
I might leave half my love behind.

Just turn your face a trifle, dear.
'Tis well; quite calm. "As death is calm?"
Ah! so you think; but do not fear
That Time will fail to bring you balm.
Time brings all things to those that wait,
If Death be slow, nor Time too late.

Clouds leave no impress on the moon
That placid sails in blue above;
Her light is dimmed, but ever soon
She shines again; 'tis so with love.
Grief early lifts its gloomy pall,
And pain is passing, after all.

The fickle orb, I dare be sworn,
Herself was fearful she would die
In primal days when clouds were born,
And newly rolled across the sky;
But repetition banished fear,
And taught that clouds soon disappear.

Will I "forget?" you lowly ask;
What if I said you yea or nay?
Would either answer aid the task
You have before you from to-day?
The task of teaching to forget
The heart that still remembers yet?

Remember yet, though hope be dead,
And love deep hidden in the past,
With naught but grief inherited,
And naught but fuller grief forecast.
Dead joy and living sorrow met!
The heart that still remembers yet.

I would not have you love me less,
And yet my grief would lighter be,
To feel that though forgetfulness
Could ne'er be mine, 'twould come to thee
At some soon day when love was dead,
And so I should be comforted.

I would not have you love me more,
For warmer love brings sharper pain,
And yet 'twere sweet, our parting o'er,
To think, "though ne'er we meet again,
She once was mine, was all my own,
And always will be mine alone."

I will not now review the past.
'Twere better it had never been
Than that, while life and memory last,
Its joys should ghost-like rise between
Content and you. O, rather choose
To know no love than love and lose.

If jealous Death's unpitying hand
Had led you far from love and me,
My heart might bear the golden band
That bound it to the past and thee,
For then, in knowing you were blest,
My troubled soul would find some rest.

But living love in living hearts,
Wide sundered by a less decree,
Whose every throb, till life departs,
Is for the joys that cannot be,
Were better never cherished
Than born to live when hope was dead.

And now, good-bye! Relentless time
Quick hastens on; I must away.
I hear the distant church bells chime
The midnight hour. The new-born day
Is night to us; the rising sun
Will but awake to grief begun.

I cannot press thee to the heart
Whose throbs implore a last embrace;
Calm, careless, bland, we too must part
As others do, without a trace
Of woe within. O, lips may smile,
And hearts be breaking all the while.

Good-bye! Though gloom encircle all,
A single star shines bright above,
Serene where sombrest shadows fall,
Its Heaven thy heart, its light thy love,
To guide and cheer though death be nigh,
Nay, dear, my love, be brave—good-bye!

—PERCY REDE.

At the Costumer's.

BY LOUISE E. PAULLIN.

Non-professional people generally have an idea that the costumer is so necessarily a part and parcel of the theatre that his business would be a starveling one were it not for that patronage. The fact is, however, that the major portion of his income, and I may add, of his annoyance and inconvenience, comes from persons who not only have never set foot inside a theatre in a professional way, but who in many instances are imbued with a chaotic impression that an actor is a being doomed in a general sort of way to eternal damnation. A costumer's life, although filled with vexatious and patience-trying moments, has many ludicrous and interesting features, and in the hope that it may prove amusing, I offer the following record of a few hours spent in the costuming rooms of an old friend, and one who has had years of experience in its varied departments. Though it may at times seem overdrawn, I assure my readers that it is a faithful chronicle. On one occasion I found the worthy lady "up to her eyes," as she termed it, in her work.

"This is an awfully busy day with me, dear. I expect some of the Italian Opera company here presently, to say nothing of the usual bunch of amateurs and masqueraders. Bother me? Lord bless ye, yes—no! I'm always glad to see your pleasant face. Sit right down here by me, and we can chat as I work. If you want to study human nature, go into the costuming business."

Just what I should like!" I exclaimed. "I want to see and hear without being suspected. You can manage it, I know. Let me be one of your sewing-girls for this day only."

"Certainly; that's easily fixed. Off with your hat and cloak. There, put on my apron; move your chair near the reception-room door; take this work as a blind, and the thing is done. Now keep your eyes and ears open, and you'll have plenty of fun.

"You Tom," she shouted, "put those demon dresses on the top shelf with the rest of those Sunday-school things. They must be ready for Thursday night. You know, my dear," she said, apologetically, seeing the look of amusement on my face, "St. John's Church fellahs are going to have some tableaux, and—Merciful heavens! Tommy, drop everything and take that bundle up to the B—— Theatre dresses thereof, thereby.

immediately, and mind you, if they don't pay last week's bill, no more dresses do they get. What's that? Dress for Mrs. Harrison? Fix it up in good style. There's a little lady for you. No codfish aristocracy about her. Law, we know what folks are the moment we set eyes on 'em."

"I suppose you do have queer people to deal with sometimes," I answered.

"You'll soon see for yourself. Let me see," she mused. "Those dresses are for the fancy-dress party at Mrs. Scaggins' on South Hill. What is it? A gentleman wants a harlequin suit? Run, Johnny, and 'tend to him. Jenny, you'll have to make a new pair of trunks for Mephistopheles, and there's got to be more silver put on the moon. Oh, dear, I must make a new Queen of Night. This one looks like a floor-cloth."

Here Johnny burst in with: "Say, that man wants to know if you'll let him have the harlequin for eight dollars."

"Certainly not; it's a new dress."

"He says he can't afford no more."

"Oh, well; let him have it. What is it now? Bill from Bayer and Seller's. What! Eighty dollars for gold and silver lace? Oh, it does not cost anything to make costumes; we ought to give them away. Fanny, have you put a new back in Charles the Second? There's a rap at the door. Fanny, you'll have to go."

Three rather showily-dressed, bejeweled young ladies entered the reception-room and seated themselves, at Fanny's invitation, in attitudes of indolent grace. The tallest and eldest intimated that they wished to look at some costumes. The handsomest dresses were brought, inspected closely and commented on.

"What is the price of either of these?" asked the lady, pointing to a fine Egyptian dress, a Queen Elizabeth robe, and a Turkish costume of rich yellow satin, heavily wrought in silver and pearls.

"Thirty dollars for one evening, ma'am." There was a general uplifting of hands and eyebrows and several horror-stricken exclamations.

"But, ladies, that satin cost four dollars a yard. The front on that robe alone is worth $150. You asked for something very elegant; I can show you cheaper costumes."

"Oh, yes," simultaneously ejaculated the ladies, "show us something cheaper."

Boxes, bureaus and trunks yielded up their treasures, and then an hour or more was spent in canvassing their respective merits. At last the ladies decided to try on some of the garments. Another hour dragged wearily by, Fanny vainly endeavoring to suit style, complexion, and, harder task still, their whims and caprices. When every dress had been tried on, the ladies declared themselves "too fatigued for anything," and said "they would defer taking a dress for the present. Perhaps they would have something made. What would be the cost of an original dress, a Persian for instance, with all the jewels, etc., complete?"

Fanny figured for a moment, and then said: "Such a dress could be furnished for twenty-five dollars."

"Twenty-five dollars! Gracious! Well, we will see what can be done at the other costumer's, and if we are not suited, we may come back and give the order."

Fanny was left in the midst of a wilderness of dresses, robes, capes, trunks, caps, etc. Half an hour was consumed in folding the garments and putting them away.

"I want to git a costume." These words came from a lean, long, lank specimen of humanity sprawled up against the door-jamb, Just behind him was a small, sickly-looking woman, with whitey-blue eyes, pale-yellow complexion, and hair to match, who, in a very snappy tone, told her companion to "jist bunch in now, and don t keep me a waitin all day."

"Wal, we're all agoin to a masterade, an' Sis says I ought to git a prince's dress. Sis—that's her; she's my girl—says that's the kind I want."

"I want one, too," says Sis, "an' I don't want none o' yer old truck, nuther. How high up do your costumes come?"

"Well, it depends," said Fanny. "Some of them come to the ankles, others only to the knees, and again we have some only to——"

"Oh, no," said the blushing girl; "you don't understand me. I mean how high up in price?"

"These are reasonable," said Fanny, displaying some peasant dresses of simple make.

"Oh, I don't want none o' them sick-looking things. Haven't you got a Jone no Ark?"

"I fear the waists of these dresses are all too large for you," demurred Fanny.

"Baste 'em up in the back. I allers wear flowin' hair an' 'twon't show."

Sis straightway dismissed her lover by saying, "Now, you, Sam, jest bunch yerself out o' here and put on them togs."

Fanny handed Sam a blue satin suit trimmed with silver-lace. Sam disappeared.

"It is a pity you are so thin," said Fanny to the girl. "How would you like to wear a Madame Favart page suit?"

"Would I have to wear a train with it?"

"Oh, no; tights and fleshings and a coat and small trunks——"

"Good Lord! The whole race of Sapmills would rise from their graves if I was to rig out like that. I'll try the Jone no Ark."

Just then a shrill whistle was heard through the keyhole.

"Good land alive, if there isn't Sam dressed a'ready. You jist bunch away from there, you Sam, an' hole on a minit. How do you think," she said, turning to Fanny, "this dress will suit my complexion?"

"It doesn't matter about your complexion. You wear your mask all the time."

At last she was dressed. But shades of the sainted maiden warrior! What a caricature stood before us! On her attenuated frame the suit of mail hung limp and helpless. The waist fitted nowhere, and the skirt, which should have been straight and solid, hung in numberless folds about her.

"It'll have to be basted up right smart," she said, squirming first to the right and then to the left, as she gazed at herself in the mirror. Sam could stand it no longer. He burst upon our astonished gaze like a figure suddenly dropped from one of Cruikshank's drawings. He had donned his costume without troubling himself to remove his street garb, and nearly a yard and a half of dingy grey pantaloons protruded below his lovely blue satin trunks. Everyone present shrieked with laughter and Sis, blushing with mortification, made vigorous attacks upon him.

"Why, man alive! What on airth air you doin' with yer pants on? You ain't a-goin' to wear them, be ye?"

"I ain't got to take 'em off, hev I?"

"Why, of course," said Fanny. "You must wear those tights I gave you."

"Tights?"

"Yes, tights," reiterated Fanny. "You've left them there on the chair."

"What, them long-stockin' things? You kin just bet your life I ain't a-goin' to no ball an' show my legs to a lot o' wimmen. The dress is a-go; but I wears my pants all the same, you bet!"

I learned subsequently that Sam went to the ball and kept his word to the letter.

"Now, then," said Sis, "how do you like my costume?" and she pirouetted in a very frolicsome manner before him.

"Seems to me," said he, "I don't quite like it, though I ain't got nothin' agin it. Seems to me it ought ter be narrerer, and the body's too loose."

"Oh, I'll pad out an' wear a lot o' petticoats to fill up. This is the cap," she said, taking the helmet from Fanny. "It goes on so. It's too big, but you can put a paper band inside."

In a few moments they were attired for the street once more, and as they disappeared through the door Sis could be heard giving Sam a foretaste of connubial bliss about his "not wearin' them tights."

"Here come the opera people!" shouted little Johnny. A hurried scrambling was heard on the staircase, and a small, nervous, irritable Italian precipitated himself into the room. He glared wildly about him, nodded to the costumer, and then began to clear the chairs of their burdens of costumes, sweeping them off to the floor, all the while gesticulating and exclaiming: "Ah! He come! Ze wondairful! Ze magnifique! Ze grand tenor!"

"Here, you. Leave those things alone. What's the matter with you?"

"Ah! Ze gr-r-r-r-a-n-d tenor! Baccei! He come!"

"Put them things down, I tell you."

"But ze g-r-r-a-a-n-d tenor!" wailed the poor little interpreter.

"Do you want me to throw you out of the window, you crazy Italian?"

"Ze g-r-r-a-a-n-d tenor," a modest, gentlemanly-looking man, appeared rather bored by the sycophantic adulation lavished, not only by the little Italian, but by the other members of the troupe who accompanied him. Lucretia Borgia was the opera to be sung, and costumes for the various characters were taken from the huge brown boxes, that might well do service as coffins in the last act of the opera. Dress after dress was fought over, tried on, thrown aside and sworn at in at least three languages, to say nothing of the smothered curses of the costumer in a fourth. Finally the director decided to make the selection for them, choosing, of course, exactly what they did not want, each one solemnly declaring "he sall not wear such a costume." They finally took their departure in a Babel of sounds that would have confused an asylum of deaf-mutes.

Rap! Rap! On opening the door a gentleman came in who was easily recognized as the son of the Rev. Dr. Boulder. He asked for an elegant masquerade costume for a fancy-dress party. "Not too flashy, you know. Something suitable for a minister's son to wear."

The costumer pondered for an instant, and then pulled open a large drawer, placing, without a word, an elaborate Mephistopheles dress before the young gentleman.

"By Jove, old boy, you do know just what I want," and much to the surprise of the costumer, he hired the dress.

Then filed in a committee from one of our leading churches to make arrangements for an Old Folks' concert. Said the spokesman: "You see, the ladies of our congregation desire to present our revered pastor with a silver pitcher, salver and goblet, and also a new lamp-shade for his study; so we have decided to give an Old Folks' concert to raise the necessary funds. As the object is a most worthy one, we hope you will let us have the dresses at the lowest prices possible."

Numerous dresses of the fashion of the last and beginning of the present century were brought out, the ladies expressing their delight at their unique and quaint appearance. The next question was the price of the dresses for one evening. On this point I must admit the ladies displayed a zeal for and knowledge of economy that must have proven a fortune for their husbands if only practiced in their households. The costumer, at last tired out by their persistency, exclaimed: "For Heaven's sake *giv* them the costumes, only get rid of them," and a price was agreed upon. They departed, proud in the serene and superior consciousness of having performed a duty to the Church.

Rap! Rap! This time it was a German lady and her two daughters. All very fat, and all apparently beaming with good nature.

"I vant to see some gostumes for mine dahters."

"What kind of a dress do you want?"

"Oh, I don'd quite know. Some vot vos putty—und shape," she added, hastily.

"How would you like the Queen of Spades?"

"No! I don'd vant dot. Rachel Dinkelspiel vore dot bei der Liederkranz last year."

"Well, here is the Evening Star."

"No! no! Sarah Lesinsky vore dot. Aind you got someding vot nobody don'd vore so many times?"

"Oh certainly; if you want to pay ten or fifteen dollars I——"

"Fifteen tollars! Mein Gott! No! Show me someding more sheeper."

"Here is a very pretty Folly dress."

"How mooch you vant for dot?"

"You can have it for five dollars."

"Das ist sehr billig, nicht was? Try dot von on, Sophie."

The ample proportions of the girl burst in every direction from the confines of the dress, like a full-blown cotton blossom.

"Never mind dot. Make your gorsets a leetle more tighter, Sophie."

"Oh, my! Bud don't she look nice," ejaculated the delighted mamma. "Ven de yoong men see you in sooch a dress like dot, dey fly ofer de house for you, Sophie! Ve'll take dot von."

A page suit of pale blue seemed to strike the fancy of the shorter and stouter sister.

"Mein Gott! No von in de world vill know you, Josie."

And of a surety no one would, for she looked like a soldier undergoing barrel punishment—*i. e.*, only head, hands and feet protruding.

"Das ist schön, meine liebchen. Ve'll take dot von too. Oh, you look beautiful, Josie!"

Just then the door opened and another German lady entered, but, perceiving visitors, would have retreated, had not the first comers recognized her as an old friend.

"Vy, Mrs. Moses!"

"How de do, girls? Vhy, vot's de matter, Mrs. Rosenbaum? Vhy, de girls don'd come to see Lena? Vhy, you don'd all come down?"

The questions being all answered to their mutual satisfaction, which was an easy matter, as answers were never expected, attention was once more drawn to the dresses.

"Vot you goin' to get Lena for the masquerade, Mrs. Moses?"

"Vell, she vos her heart sut a shoo-fly dress. Hef you got von of dem shoo-fly gostumes?"

"I shall have to make one for you," said Fanny.

"Dot's all right. Carrie Fendlebaum vore a shoo-fly dress by der Arion Ball last time," continued Mrs. Moses. "She vas very sly about dot ball. She looks so funny in dot short dress. She is so fat, I vought I vas dyin' of laughin' ven I see her in de grand march. Sooch awful fat people don'd ought to vear sooch kind of gostumes."

A heightened color on the faces of the Rosenbaums warned Mrs. Moses that she was entirely too personal in her remarks. She bade the Rosenbaums a hasty good-day, told Fanny that Lena would call to be measured for her dress, and retreated hurriedly.

Shortly after, a gentleman—one of our prominent stock brokers—called to leave orders for two dresses; one for his wife, to cost twenty-five dollars, and another for a lady friend, to cost sixty. After fidgeting around for some time, he said: "Oh, by the way, the ladies will call separately for their dresses, and perhaps it would be as well not to tell my wife that Miss Blank gets her dress here. You understand."

"Certainly," said my friend. After he had departed she added: "My dear, the world is full of them."

Rap! Rap! at the gentleman's wardrobe. A long, showily lined shower entered, with a small blonde young man attached to it by one arm.

"Aw! I say, young man! We've going to get up some private theatricals, ye know."

"What part do you play?"

"Um—aw—let me see—aw—what the devil—yaas—oh, yaas—Mawc Antony—yaas! Almost forgot the name—yaas!"

After an hour's hard work, during which the B. Y. M. paced before the mirror and myself to his heart's content, he expressed himself as satisfied, and requested that the dress be kept for him.

"Oh, dear, how tired I am!" said my old friend, as she dropped into a chair by my side. "Well, my dear, how are you getting along? We haven't paid you much attention."

"I'm having a most enjoyable afternoon," I replied.

"I'm glad of it. Can't you stay to dinner? Some of the principals of the Mosgatilla Opera company will soon be here, and you will have an opportunity of seeing some real live actresses off the stage. The costumes for the next opera are to be gorgeous. I'll show them to you presently!"

Two young ladies, one a blonde of pronounced type, and the other a brunette, walked in, and greeted my old friend cordially.

"Take these chairs, ladies; you must be very tired."

"Indeed we are," said the blonde. "Been rehearsing since ten o'clock, and now it is five."

"You be measured first, Millie," yawned the brunette; "I'm too tired to stand up."

"Very well, dear; take the easy-chair while I pick out my colors. What a lovely shade of lavender! Can I have it, madam?"

"This blue was for you, Miss Millie, and the lavender for Miss Lucy."

"Now, my good soul, measure me as soon as you can. Make the dresses just as you please, and let me go. After five, and we must be at the theatre again at seven. Stay! Here comes our darling, our meringue, our *only* star tenor. Madam, Heaven grant you patience for this coming trial."

A dapper, dainty, elegantly-dressed gentleman saluted the young ladies with an intensely courteous air and a smile of dazzling brilliancy as he held the door open for them to depart.

After they were gone, my friend said to this gentleman: "My son called at the theatre to-day to show you some samples of satin, but you were not there."

"No! I have been all day at the photographer's. I was so exhausted after the sittings were over, I thought I should have fainted."

He coughed slightly, placed a heavily perfumed handkerchief to his lips, and rolled his eyes in a most appealing manner. I started from my seat, fearing the long deferred fainting spell was now upon him, and assisted him to the sofa. He soon recovered sufficiently to inspect the satins and velvets spread before him.

"This dress, Signor," said the costumer, placing a lovely mauve satin dress upon a form, "is almost finished. I hope it will please you."

The Signor cast his eyes languidly toward the dummy, and then suddenly sprang to his feet and took the garment from its place. "Is this the color I selected? It does not look like it. This seems much lighter. It has not the body nor the brilliancy of the piece I saw!"

"I will send to the workroom for the entire piece, Signor, in order to satisfy you."

"I wish you would, madam. Not that I doubt your word; but sometimes mistakes are made. These work-girls are very stupid. Well, as you have made the dress, I suppose I shall have to wear it; but I do so under protest, I assure you. What are my other colors? What is this claret velvet? One of mine?"

"No! That, Signor, is for one of the young ladies who just left—Miss Lucy Blanque. You chose this garnet the other day, and would have no other."

"I like this claret much better, and my contract expressly stipulates I am to have any color I fancy."

"But the manager was very particular about this color for Miss Lucy. I fear she will be disappointed——"

"I wish you to distinctly understand that in Italy I always had *carte blanche* to do as I pleased in these matters. What is that bronze satin yonder?"

"That is one of the chorus dresses."

"It is lovely. What a shame to put so delicate a shade in the chorus dresses! Couldn't that be used for my dress in the last act?"

"But we have several dresses already made of that material."

"Throw them aside and let the manager pay for them. I see nothing else I care for."

"We like to have the chorus as well dressed as any person on the stage. The ladies and gentlemen take great pride in their costumes. Perhaps you may find something——"

"I will have this bronze," said the irate tenor. "I will have no other. I do not care if the whole company go dressed in rags. My contract, which has forty-seven clauses, expressly stipulates that my costumes are to make me the central figure. See here! I wish you to sew a pearl bead in every convolution of the gold lace on that mauve dress. Make it look as rich as possible."

"Impossible, Signor! It would take one woman a whole week to do it."

"Hire the extra women and have them pay for it," he replied.

"He may object," said the costumer.

"Let him do so, and I will cut his throat already lowering my dignity in associating with his company. I wish these costumes in my house to try on. Send your carriage for them. Good day, madam. Say! You can as well give me a scrap of the material you may have there to use extemporaneously."

The scraps were cut off, the ground down in a profound note-book and departed.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone and we are free," said my friend, wearily. "Come now, dear, tell me, Gentleman Jones (it might be Tommy, but say the dear). Tell me, dear, what do you think of the composing business? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

What do you think, dear reader?

The New Ophelia.

HOW ONE DELICATE MINDED MANAGER HOPED TO HAVE HIS PRODUCTIONS OUT OF IT.

A stylish damsel of aspiring mind,
Handsome, dressy, positively refined,
Conceived herself quite equal to the role
Of Ophelia, the sweet and gentle soul.
The very leader of the Dramatic Society
Where she'd got her young dramatic notions,
Had done nothing but encourage her,
And these encomiums had turned her head.

She dreamed herself (for she was always dreaming)
From out the crush, her face the cynosure
Of a rapt audience, and, in imagination,
She'd hear the plaudits ringing in her ears,
And see, herself the fair one on the stage,
Enchanting, dazzling, fascinating all.

For her lover Hamlet she could fondly wish,
And pick the company that she'd like to work with,
She'd seek the counsellors, and Polonius,
And one, herself the fair one on the stage,
Enchanting, dazzling, fascinating all.

The queen, the courtiers, as she every one,
And gained a manager and leading man,
Friends, money, scenic, general display,
The learned fathers o'er with her the head
On the stage's affairs, the manager in consequence
Is also going to devote himself to self-interest.

Yes, gentle reader, why and forgive
Your friend and humble contributor to live.
'Tis not in quest of flowers now she goes,
But to seek a lodging for her wearied soles,
And get for Hamlet down her wild remarks,
But for the money that comes broke down.

A Terror.

BY H. S. KELLER.

The old man sort of nodded into the cross-roads sleep-walk and-buzzer zone with a grunt of satisfaction, seated upon a nail keg. It was plain to be seen, judging from the look of disgust which overspread each man's face, that the old chap was a terror of three counties. He sat there, quietly whittling his Black Jack and ladyfinger plug of codfish with the amber spray. The boys watched him closely, as one would watch a wild animal. Suddenly one of the youngsters forgot himself and commenced whistling. Then the Terror stretched out his limbs, and after casting one look of withering contempt upon the unlucky speaker, broke forth:

"You young fry think you can whistle with the oldest settlers with your lungs. Pshaw! you never know what natural music is. Now, when I was a chap about your size my brother Lige fell over a cataract that was somewhat swampy. Lige went after the coon, and darned if there wasn't a mile-stone every rod. Four of the pesky varmints to each bag! Then we started home. We made a trough out of alders long enough to reach to the house. Then we strung the darned snakes up carefully, and cut off a piece of his tail, and the milk flowed down through the snakes, also through the alder trough, and was caught into the big pan that we had to block. After the snakes had got through milkin', we put a plug into each end of the trough, and we'd cut the tails off. We used them snakes for milkin' three months on end.

But finally they sort of wilted, 'cause they wasn't nourishin', you see; and we used 'em milds when they got mouldy, and sometimes for a fresh bar. Eh? Didn't it make the cows bloody? See here, young man, if you don't want to put in your remarks out against me, I mean with my own eyes, I'm done."

He rose, disgusted with the interruption, and started to walk away, when one of the boys asked him if he thought the fish would bite in the morrow. This was the grand entree for the Terror's comeback. The young fellow got the question was ready to ask forgiveness on bended knee, when the old man turned and addressed him in a sarcastic tone:

"Goin' fishin', eh?"

I—no, yes—that is, I—I thought of digging worms 'fore sundown."

"Oh! I thought you intended to go fishin'. Only goin' to dig worms. Now, that reminds me of a little fishin' yarn I used to tell when I was a boy. I hain't told it for years, for the heavens drop off so awful fatally—yes, fatally—that I keep in practice."

He paused himself, and after hawking the pile of codfish again, he said:

"One nice Summer day I was fishin' a small in the woods, about ten miles from the village where I was in a habit of makin' things hum, when suddenly I came upon two deer [illegible] runnin' side by side, only separated by a narrow strip of land four or five feet wide. I don't mean that the brooks were runnin' in the same direction. Oh, no. One was runnin' south, the other north. Eh? Couldn't do it? If you've talkin' this yarn, just occupy this seat and I'll listen. Well, they were runnin' in opposite directions. The funniest thing 'bout it was the following: great big trout jumped out of one stream, clear over the narrow strip of land, and dropped into the other stream. I tumbled to that racket in lively time. I followed the creeks until they separated. Then I laid down a great big lookin'-glass bout four feet from the bank of the stream, and—ha—ha—ha—ha—oh Lordsm that stitch in my side; it allers did take me when I was tellin' this story. There darned fools of fish thought the reflection in the lookin'-glass was 'nother stream and—ha—ha—ha—ha—darn that gal dumbed stitch—they just flopped out of the stream and fell heavy onto the lookin'-glass. I got 'bout four bushel apiece in that spot. And when I set the lookin'-glass 'gin I got ten bushel! The next time—darn dumbed that stitch—I'll have to trot him out and have the old woman rub some liniment on my side."

The pallid faces he left behind him spoke plainer than words how he had upheld the role as a Terror. And then one of the boys ventured to ejaculate: "Where's the [illegible] old cuss get a lookin'-glass run [illegible] hum?"

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Agnes, Angela	Logan, Anthony
Ada Richmond Opera co. (s)	Lantenay, H. A.
Annesley's Minstrels	Laine, J. H.
Abbott Opera co.	Little, Z. G.
Alvin Joslin troupe, agt.	Lillian Brown, Gen. Agt.
Abbott, Nannie	Lizzie Evans, Gen. Agt.
Barnes, J. H.	Melville, T. W.
Booth of Keys co., agt.	Mack, Harry
Bennett, Edna	Magie, John G.
Bennett, Dan	Murphy, Joseph, mgr. (2)
Bellamy, Miss	Mooney, Dominick
Bell, Tommy	McGuirk, J. C.
Bush, Edwin, Mgr. of (4)	Morrissey, Starr
Barrymore, Maurice	McGibney, Minnie
Bunn, John W.	Mitchell, W. (2)
Bradley, Miss Sadie	Mason, Helen
Bailey, T. W. H. (2)	Muldoon, Minnie, mgr.
Barnes, J. O.	Malone, Mrs. J. T.
Comstock, A. C.	McCullough, ———
Clements, Frank	Mantayer, W. H.
Coben, S. H.	Morris, Felix
Corbyn, Miss T. A (2)	Ouzer, Miss C.
Curtis, M. E. (2)	O'Neill, James
Chester, Kate	Osborn, Annie
Cassidy, George H.	Phillips, Alfred S. (2)
Cleary, Laura	Potter, F. W.
Clinton, Kate	Phelps, A. R.
Carrons, J. O.	Paddon, G. E.
Duffy, Will J. (2)	Prussey, Emma
Dowle, C. L.	Post, Lilly
Davis, W. G.	Paul, F. W.
Downing, Robert L.	Pixley, Annie
Dunbar, Geo. B.	Pratetti, George F. (2)
Daley, Fred	Power of Money, mgr.
Dockin, Carrie E.	Pulsifer, Chauncey G.
Eytinge, Rose (2)	Randall, Harry
Eyre, Gerald (2)	Rose, Adelaide
Emmet, J. K.	Ryan, R.
Evans, Frank	Ryley, J. H.
Female Spy Troupe	Rehan, Arthur
Fenno, Helen	Rose, Stella
Farrell, Frank	Rhea, Mlle.
Fulford, Robert (2)	Scott, E. C.
Florence, W. J., mgr. (2)	Stevenson, Charles
Gray, Miss Angie	Stevens, E. A.
Galloway, Geo. N. (2)	Stephens, E. H.
Gilbert, J. H.	Shattuck, Lillian B.
Gill, Wm. (2)	Stockton, Ella
Greene, Mrs. Fannie M.	Scalchi, Madame
Gil Henry's Minstrels, mgr	Searle, Cyril (2)
Hoge, Will H.	Scanlan, W. J.
Hines, L. S.	Thorne, Ed.
Hunt, Minnie (2)	Thorne, Mrs. Chas. R., Jr.
Harcolin, H.	Vaughn, Harry
Hyde, J. M.	Vining, Miss Minnie
Holman, Jessie	Vincent, Charles T.
Haywood, Josie R.	Wolfsohn, Henry
Haverly's Minstrels	Williams, Johnny
H. W. Rosebar, Mgr.	Wyman, Al
Hank, Minnie, Agt.	Wood & West.
Hastings, Percy	Wheeler, Andrew
Harrison-Gamon troupe	Walter, Mrs.
Herndon, Agnes	Weeks, George R.
Iowa Comedy Troupe	Wilson, Mr.
J. K. Emmet's Fritz co. (2)	Wemple, George W.
Jones, C. H.	Wells, Leonard (2)
Jeffrey, L.	Wodlska, Ed. (2)
Kendall, H. A.	Webber, E. T.
Leslie, E. A. (2)	Zimmerman, E. E.

*** The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

Midsummer Reflections.

For the third time THE MIRROR greets its readers in Midsummer dress. The results of many weeks of preparation are represented by its twenty pages, crowded with stories, poems, anecdotes, articles, pictures and business announcements. We have exercised the utmost care in arranging these, and we believe we make no idle boast in claiming that the contents of this gala number have never been equalled by any publication which is sold at the same moderate price. Here is a collection of entertaining reading matter which has been provided entirely by professionals and writers who are interested in the profession. To their distinguished assistance, as well as to THE MIRROR'S diligence and enterprise, is due the success which attends all our efforts in the field of special journalism. We desire to return our heartiest acknowledgments to all the contributors to these pages.

In glancing over the mass of advertisements in this issue we cannot help feeling a good deal of pride. They include the favors of the leading managers and actors of this country, and they are significant of the rapid progress made by the journal over which we preside, during the past few years. We take them, too, as a powerful indorsement of our efforts to make THE MIRROR in every respect a worthy organ of the great profession it represents. We also look upon them as substantial testimony to the fact that a dramatic paper which has built itself up on a firm foundation of honesty, truth and justice, without the illegitimate and transient aid of slander, sensationalism and scandal, has gained the complete confidence and good-will of its readers and patrons. But our feelings are not entirely those born of pride. We are truly grateful to the profession for its numberless evidences of friendship and appreciation. Our gratitude is none the less [illegible] we are conscious of having [illegible] to deserve the boon. We [illegible] our efforts to make THE [illegible] in every possible way a genuine [illegible] and instruction to its [illegible] and supporters. Such additions [illegible] as will enlarge its scope and extend its usefulness, which from time to time may suggest themselves, we shall introduce into our columns. For the season just begun we have in view several specialties which we believe will contribute to the efficiency and attractiveness of the paper.

It is not often that we are tempted to talk about ourselves; but we will be pardoned, perhaps, if occasionally—as in the present case—we pause in the occupation of reflecting others to give a momentary reflection of ourselves.

The Musical Outlook.

The outlook for the season in musical matters is so far promising in that, if competition be the life of trade, we shall have enough and to spare. Mr. Abbey, with a bran-new opera house and a host of backers, will essay that hitherto Augean task—to make Italian Opera pay. Mr. Mapleson, with the Academy of Music and the clients thereof, and backed by his long experience and practical knowledge, will pit himself against Mr. Abbey. We fancy that, as a complete organization, Mr. Abbey will have the best of it; but as a star speculation, Mapleson will beat him. We wish them both Godspeed.

Theodore Thomas and Dr. Damrosch will continue, as before, to divide the favor of the people that like music and the people that think they like music. Thomas will be coldly correct and methodically musical; Damrosch, poetically picturesque and musically mournful. Strakosch has started the ball at the Twenty-third Street Theatre with a sort of Wagner-and-water opera—more water than Wagner, however, like man-o'-war grog. Brooks and Dickson are going in for comic opera, and have purchased, or otherwise obtained, several European successes, which they promise shall be well done. J. Duff, Jr., also enters the field with a really good company, having Emma Juch and the best baritone in America, Sweet. John McCaull has at last come to see that trashy and vulgar words will go near to kill the best music, and has employed a well-known musician and literary man to adapt the opera of the future, beginning with The Bettel-Student, by Strauss.

Altogether, the scheme for the incoming season is one of great promise. May it prove to be also of honest performance. It is too much our habit in this hopeful, land, to be glorious on paper and modest on the stage. Let us for once be modest on paper and glorious on the stage.

Oscar Wilde's Assailants.

THE MIRROR has frequently charged the critics of the New York daily press with incompetency; it has now to accuse them of something worse. Reliable information has reached us that previous to the production of Vera at the Union Square Theatre these men agreed among themselves to denounce it as a failure and abuse its author whether the work justified adverse treatment or not.

The play made a hit with the first-night audience; but the fair-minded journalists, to use their pet expression, "went for it" all the same. With a single exception, the evening papers, taking their cue from the abusive articles that appeared in the morning journals, fell into line and slated Mr. Wilde with all their little might. Really, no further evidence than that furnished by these scurrilous "criticisms" themselves is necessary to substantiate our assertion that a clique was organized to crush Vera. All but two or three bore unmistakable marks that one-half of each article had been written before the play was seen. We will not endeavor to find a reason for this disgraceful combination to cheat Mr. Wilde of that impartial judgment which is the right of every dramatist who submits his work to critical examination. Our readers are as likely to divine that reason as correctly as the present writer. We merely state the fact.

If a play suits the public the denunciations of all the dramatic critics in the universe will not prevent them from going to see it. Pieces presented on the stage now occupied by Vera have been damned by the critics and achieved phenomenal runs. This was the case with Two Orphans, French Flats and Geneva Cross. For critics and criticisms, as a rule, the people entertain a profound and well-deserved contempt. If they like Mr. Wilde's drama (and they have given every indication that they do), it will triumph in spite of cliques and ignorant abuse. The chief cause for alarm is that the existence of a cabal of critics in this city—even though they be incompetent critics—dissipates the hope of there ever being honesty of purpose to commend the dramatic departments of our dailies to the amusement-loving classes.

Personal.

KARRINGTON.—Frank Karrington, whose portrait appears above, is a graduate from the amateur ranks in Albany. A few years ago he made his professional debut as Rodolphe Chandoce, in Led Astray, and made such an impression that his future vocation could be no longer in doubt. Last season he did good service in the Madison Square forces, playing Dave Hardy and Lord Travers, in Esmeralda and Hazel Kirke, respectively. This season he will play Geoffrey Ware in The Silver King.

KNIGHT.—George S. Knight will arrive in town early next week.

ADDISON.—Fanny Addison (Mrs. H. M. Pitt) left for England last Saturday.

PAUL.—Howard Paul and Chief Justice Coleridge are on the *Celtic*, which is due here next week.

RHEA.—Mlle. Rhea leaves this evening in a special car for St. Paul. Her company goes along.

KEENE.—T. W. Keene is resting at his country home, Navesink Beach, on the Jersey shore.

FRAYNE.—Frank I. Frayne has cancelled all his dates, and will not play in America this season.

SULLIVAN.—John T. Sullivan, a remote kinsman of Barry, after a pleasant Summer at Grosse Isle, near Detroit, joins the Rhea company.

POPE.—Manager Charles Pope, who has been lingering about the Metropolis since his return from Europe, left Tuesday for his St. Louis home.

LEWIS.—Jeffreys Lewis' European trip has benefited her greatly. She has attained a healthful and becoming rotundity.

PRUNED.—A rehearsal of Vera was held on Tuesday afternoon, when Mr. Wilde pruned those portions of his play which dragged the preceding night.

LANGTRY.—Mrs. Langtry has given up the idea of giving a performance in London. She will return to New York on a steamer which leaves Liverpool Oct. 6.

ARLINGTON.—Handsome Maggie Arlington has been made the victim of circumstances, a hotel clerk and a reporter of the *Enquirer* in Cincinnati during the past week.

FORSYTH.—Kate Forsyth is specially engaged to appear in Impulse at the Boston Museum next week. This will be the first production of the play in this country.

COLE.—Saidee Cole is making arrangements to put An American Marriage, Celia Logan's new play, on the road. It made a success on its recent production in Providence.

ST. QUINTEN.—Lizzie St. Quinten has been creating a furore at the Spanish Fort, New Orleans, by her admirable rendition of her favorite rôle of Serpolette in the Chimes. She will probably make another effort to go on the road.

CAYVAN.—Georgia Cayvan reached New York Tuesday after a pleasant holiday in the Maine camp to which she and a party of friends go each Summer for the vacation. She is busy just now changing her residence and establishing herself in Winter quarters.

BERNARD.—Pierre Bernard, at the time of his ddath, was at work on the score of a new comic opera, which he had nearly completed. The finishing of the work is in competent hands. The libretto is by Page McCarthy, of the Washington *Post*.

REMENYI.—The silly people who tittered at the soft strains on the viola which preceded Marie Prescott's entrance in the last act of Vera at the Union Square Monday would no doubt have looked wise and appreciative had they known that the instrument was played on that occasion by Remenyi, the great violinist.

SWINTON.—It should not be forgotten that John Swinton, whose extraordinary discourtesy to the author and actors of Vera on Monday night at the Union Square attracted notice, is the man who stated through the columns of the *Sun* not long ago that Salmi Morse's Passion Play nightmare was one of the grandest literary and dramatic efforts of the Nineteenth century.

STETSON.—John Stetson has completed his company for the Fifth Avenue. He informs us that Charles Coghlan and Florence Gerard will be the leading people. The latter is an Englishwoman who has been playing with success a part in The H. P. in London. This company will rotate between the Fifth Avenue and the Boston Globe.

SCANLAN.—W. J. Scanlan will be in town all the week, leaving Monday for rehearsals in Detroit.

LEWIS.—The marital kaleidoscope has had another turn. Catherine Lewis and Arlwedson have again made up.

DOLARO.—Madame Dolaro is having some handsome dresses made for The Merry Duchess. The role, from all accounts, will fit her like a silk Jersey.

COLVILLE.—During the Summer interim Manager Colville had the Fourteenth Street Theatre renovated thoroughly. With new paint and carpets it presents a bright and fresh appearance.

CHERIE.—Adelaide Cherie will be the star in Only a Farmer's Daughter this season. She was formerly identified with the role of Madame Laurent. Her engagement commences in Norfolk Sept. 3.

CURTIS.—M. B. Curtis and his wife have gone to Chicago. Their season begins there next Monday night. While abroad Mrs. Curtis bought some handsome dresses, which will add to the elegance of her theatrical wardrobe.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport writes that she is still busy studying Fedora up at her country-place among the mountains of Pennsylvania. When ready to appear in Sardou's great play a strong and finished impersonation may be confidently expected.

GARDNER.—Frank L. Gardner says that the success of The Devil's Auction is well deserved. He worked three years to establish a play which the critics and actors liked; now he has got one that they don't care for, but the public cry for it.

CAMPBELL.—Bartley Campbell is in Berlin getting My Partner ready for production there Sept. 15. Siberia is also in preparation at another house. In this country the tour of the combination presenting that play begins on the 17th of next month.

MEZIERES.—The friends of the favorite French comedian Mezieres will be glad to know that he will visit us this season in support of Aimée, who in the matter of age is to opera bouffe what the perpetually youthful Lydia Thompson is to English burlesque.

RUSSELL.—Lillian Russell writes a friend in this city that she is perfectly satisfied with the manner in which she has been received in London; and, judging from the light of recent experiences, she will continue to make England her headquarters for some years to come.

WALLACK.—Lester Wallack is cruising around the Sound on his handsomely-equipped yacht. After seeing this old young man in all the glory of blue coat and brass buttons we are in doubt whether we admire him most in Rosedale or on the deck of his gallant vessel.

CASTLETON.—Kate Castleton, while away in the country on her vacation this Summer, learned to row, and took too much of the exercise. Over-exertion brought on hemorrhage of the lungs and she was obliged to come to town. She lay in a critical condition at her home for a week, but is now better. She will, if sufficiently recovered, go to Nantasket Beach with a friend in a few days.

TERRY.—On our title page we print a capital portrait of Ellen Terry, who will appear before the New York public for the first time as Beatrice on the second night of Irving's engagement at the Star Theatre. She is a talented actress who affects Mother Hubbards and æsthetic postures both in public and private. We predict that artistically she will be the chief feature of the Irving engagement.

BARNES.—Elliott Barnes is probably the youngest of our successful dramatists, being but thirty-two years of age. His Only a Farmer's Daughter has yielded a small fortune to its owners, and is still being played with success. Our Summer Boarders is from his pen, and in it the author will star under J. W. Collier's management. Mr. Barnes' latest play is The Blue and the Gray, which has been accepted by Shook and Collier for production at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Cazauran speaks very highly of it. Mr. Barnes' picture appears on the opposite page.

SIKES.—William Wirt Sikes, American consul at Cardiff, Wales, died in that city on Saturday last. His death was sudden and unexpected. He was a writer of moderate ability, a purist in language and of great precision as to facts. He was the second husband of Olive Logan, and through her influence with her cousin, Senator John A. Logan, obtained his appointment at the close of Grant's last term, and has kept it ever since. He was not a gifted man, and but for the fortunate accident of marrying into an old theatrical family, he would never have obtained greater distinction than that accorded to a hack-writer of a very commonplace order of talent; but the ramifications of the stage are far-reaching, and Wirt Sikes is a striking example of it.

BERNHARDT.—It is stated, with an appearance of authority, in London, that Bernhardt is coming to America this season to play Fedora. Unless Sardou has acted dishonorably (which is not at all likely), Sarah will be nothing more nor less than a play-pirate if she carries out the published plan. However, Fanny Davenport need give herself no uneasiness on this score, for she has acquired the sole American right and paid the author a good round sum for it. Prompt invocation of the law would put a stop to any such ugly work as that the French actress is said to contemplate. The sense of justice which animates the respectable American press and public may also be relied upon to uphold Miss Davenport if she is called upon to defend her rights.

ARONSON.—While Rudolph Aronson was away last week on his vacation, Edward Aronson looked after all the details of the Casino management. He says that The Beggar Student will not be put on for some time if the present phenomenal business of Prince Methusalem continues.

MODJESKA.—Although Modjeska's son has become a naturalised citizen no one would imagine that Madame had a son old enough to vote. Besides being an actress of unfailing powers, the lady retains the priceless treasure, youth, with remarkable tenacity.

CAVENDISH.—Ada Cavendish will start on an extended tour of the English provinces next week. A friend who saw her recently in London says that she will never visit this country professionally again. She took her failure with a good deal of chagrin.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth is greatly pleased with his cottage at Newport. It is far enough from "the madding crowd" to suit his quiet taste, and yet is not too deeply hid in solitude. Except when playing this season, Mr. Booth will make his home in New York. An agent is looking for a suitable residence for him.

CLARKE.—A novel method of guarding against possible loss in case of injury to members of his company has been found by Manager Clarke, of Haverly's New Minstrels. He has insured thirty of them in a casualty corporation in his own behalf, the total amount insured aggregating $30,000, for which he paid $180.

VOKES.—Fred Vokes left us hastily and not altogether gratefully. Several members of his company await the settlement of their salaries in Chicago, and Leland, of the Sturtevant, has been seen for several days past pondering sadly o'er an unpaid bill. These circumstances may be ascribed, no doubt, to the fact that the popularity of the Vokes' has diminished considerably since the family divided up into weak detachments.

IGNORANCE.—The critics of several of the large dailies displayed their ignorance on Sunday by alluding to The Devil's Auction as Mr. Colville's personal speculation. All that that gentleman had to do with the production was to furnish the theatre and orchestra. Messrs. Gallagher, Gilmore and Gardner deserve whatever credit or discredit there may be attached to the enterprise. If ignorance is bliss, the critics must be truly happy.

NOBLES.—Milton Nobles bases great expectations on his new play, which will be tried in St. Louis in the Autumn. The plot is entirely original, and the leading character will enable Mr. Nobles to appear before his admirers in an extremely amusing and novel line of business. The popularity which this unassuming star enjoys may be gathered from the fact that he has accumulated a large fortune, which he never makes the subject of boast or brag.

CROWDED.—The advertisements for this Midsummer Number have pressed upon us more heavily than we anticipated, and the space for reading matter has been somewhat encroached upon. An article on the Delsarte System, by Georgia Cayvan; "Why Damn the Critics?" by Frank Farrell; "Love's Revenge," by H. M. Pitt; "The Play's the Thing," by Marvin R. Griffith; "Mercy for All," by Florence R. Pendar, and several other stories and poems, all too clever to deprive our readers of, will appear in succeeding issues of THE MIRROR. We must apologize for the condensation of our news and correspondence departments this week; but the Midsummer Number comes but once a year, and these departments, clipped though they be, contain ten times more dramatic news than all the other publications of the week put together.

Romance and Reality.

ROMANCE.

I.

On an old shady lane, 'neath a sycamore tree,
Whose white shirt'ring arms bend in blessing o'er me;
On a rock that is mantled with crimson and gray,
I ponder the past and I dream of to-day;
And I wander again with her who is gone,
And I wait for her coming, who never can come,
Here's the lane to the road—there the road to the sea—
But she'll never come back to the sycamore tree!

II.

There is nothing like love. It may tease, but it gives—
It cannot forget, and forgotten it lives;
'Tis not only its pleasures, but often its pain,
If once turned into blessings, will blessings remain.
It will dwell with the humblest—on poverty thrive;
No vestal need light it nor keep it alive.
Yet not love nor the lane nor the road to the sea
Can bring back the past to the sycamore tree.

III.

Lo! I grave here a name with a true lover's art;
'Tis here where bright fate is engraved on my heart;
When rain and rude storms wear these letters away
My heart may be cold and commingle with clay;
But, forgotten of men, may I wander alone,
If alive, I forget, or my heart turn to stone,
Or she find not a shelter, whate'er she may be,
From the dark storms of life, 'neath the sycamore tree!

REALITY.

I.

Whenever one sits 'neath a sycamore tree,
The more rocks he sees, the more ocular he;
And I ponder to-day on a ponderous stone
To give my thoughts weight (they have some of their own),
For the things we have passed and the sweet by-and-ever
Are often brought back by the rock and the rye,
So the rye and the rock are plain reasons why she
Sat here, cuttingly sweet, 'neath the sycamore tree.

II.

There's nothing like love—if it's love in a lane—
With plenty of shade (in the dark this is plain),
And a dumb man in hand whom his dear one is wont,
And, when love is the theme, she's a confidant to him.
Then was I all to blame if I plainly felt,
And, to pour out my passion in greatness, knelt?
Or could she but feel—when a big bumblebee
Made it hot in the shade of the sycamore tree?

III.

On that rock I don't think I will rhime her name.
'Tis safer elsewhere, and I'm sure I'm the same,
And she's wise—and likewise, for she seems me by
With no look of love, but a hokey-pokey eye.
She is young to remorse, and, should I cause
Remorseful to rise from here, I must consider alone.
Therefore in exile—a more grateful man's he,
And she

The Usher.

Heed him who can! The ladies call him, sweet. In Ushering
—Love's Labor's Lost.

So the Edgar bubble has bursted. Well, there's no great harm done except to the actors who intrusted themselves to the syndicate of backers in spite of the well-known tendency of such people to back out when the first opportunity offers. The blame of the failure cannot be laid at Edgar's door; he had bargained for a season's trial—not for a beggarly two weeks. What has become of the $50,000 deposited to the credit of the Syndicate to provide for the little incidental expenses of the first season?

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There seems to be an indiscreet inclination on the part of the American press to take sides for and against Henry Irving previous to his arrival. This is foolish. Those critics who have not seen the pampered British tragedian have no right to commit themselves and their journals to any opinion whatever before seeing him act. Yet there are several gentlemen of the press I could mention who, when Irving appears, will find it no easy matter to reconcile any mature judgment they may find it necessary to pass with the fulsome flattery or injudicious abuse they have lavished upon him in advance. As for my own case, I have seen Irving in several of his best characterizations and I know just what he can,or rather cannot, do. To my thinking he is an exceptionally bad actor when he forsakes the field of extravagant melodrama for the higher plane of Shakespearean tragedy. In such parts as Mathias, Vanderdecken, Eugene Aram and Dubosc he is very acceptable. But his Hamlet, Richelieu, Romeo, Richard and Macbeth are impersonations which send chills down one's spinal column.

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Everyone who can in this country will go to see the idol of the English public, just as they went to see that other imported curiosity, Mrs. Langtry. The merely pecuniary prospect of the Irving tour is therefore most promising, and I am glad of it for Abbey's sake. Whether our intelligent theatregoers will endorse the verdict of John Bull or not is a vastly different thing. If they have stomach for acting which is chiefly remarkable for its grotesqueness, and an actor who is fairly bent with the weight of extraordinary mannerisms—whose speech is not the speech of the majority of Englishmen, but something decidedly indistinguishable—then may we look to see Irving's London triumphs duplicated here. Entirely aside from all considerations of his ability, I am certain he will receive a hospitable welcome from our people and a noble accumulation of their dollars into the bargain. But I think those papers which are trying their utmost to stultify themselves prior to his coming by passing hit-or-miss opinions on his talent as an actor, had better for their own sakes defer all similar expressions until the subject of them has made his American debut.

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By the bye, speaking of Irving and the issue which certain papers are endeavoring to raise in his regard, I notice in a well-edited paper called the *Hour* the following remarks: "It is highly probable that Mr. Irving is a wonderfully good actor. With no more affection for the English than an intelligent person ought to have, we do not for a moment believe that they are foolish enough to confer the highest honors upon an actor artistically detestable." That is a ridiculous and know-nothing way of looking at it. The question American critics will have to decide is not the extent to which the Londoners are able to make fools of themselves; but whether Irving is worthy to rank as one of the great tragic actors of the time. Of this latter phase of the discussion the *Hour* is confessedly ignorant, and as far as the other is concerned it had better hold its peace, since the question of London's popular sanity or insanity is wholly irrelevant.

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I am happy to extend a friendly notice to a little paper which is to make its appearance early next month. The projectors say that it is designed to "fill a long-felt want." There can be no question that the want really exists. The success of the venture solely depends on the manner in which it is carried out. *Figaro* is the fledgling's name, and its field of operations is the theatres and hotels. It will contain brief and bright dramatic, musical, club and society news and gossip and will appear every evening. A special feature will be a page devoted to a complete catalogue of New York amusements, embodying the full casts of current plays, the various scales of prices and other information that will be prized by habitual as well as casual theatre-goers. *Figaro* will be distributed gratuitously in large quantities at the places of amusement and in all public resorts. Everybody who is not in the habit of going out to chew sausage-meat between the acts will appreciate the enjoyment to be derived from perusing a genuine little newspaper that costs nothing and is a vast improvement on the stereotyped programme, with its time-worn axioms, stale jokes and all-pervading aroma of ye chestnut. Identical schemes have met with favor in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin and San Francisco. The only reason for wonder is that this city has got along without a *Figaro* so long as it has. The uninitiated may not understand how the publishers expect to derive profit from a journal which is given away. I can only suggest that active men don't devote time, means and talent merely for the benefit of a not-too-grateful humanity, and that the advertising patronage commanded by a paper with the large circulation I am assured *Figaro* is to have is likely to repay the promoters thereof liberally.

The Musical Mirror.

The great American opera bouffe; or, as the composer prefers to call it, in imitation of Wagner, The Lyrical Spectacular Drama, Zenobia, was given to the world of New York on Tuesday evening, and was received with a good deal of hearty applause from an evidently friendly audience. Mr. Pratt is a musician of the ultra-advanced school and boldly avers his right to independent exertion of intellect not fettered by tradition or the opinions of other men. On this platform he must be content therefore to be judged, and on this platform he must stand or fall. Any man, in whatever sphere of life he may work, who deliberately chalks out a line for himself utterly divergent of all other lines must be very sure that he can chalk it out straight and to the purpose. If he can, then, not all the opposition that can be brought to bear, can hinder that line to reach its goal; but goal and starting place are two points, and between two points the shortest way is a right line. Now, if a man abandon the right line for an erratic course full of zigzags and divergences, he will take a far longer time to attain the desired point than he who quietly follows the true path, as described by those who have gone before, mathematically correct, scientifically perfect and tested by experience. This Mr. Pratt refuses to do. He sets up a standard for himself, as indeed did Beethoven in his later *deaf* years, and Wagner. But Beethoven and Wagner had, like the "certain man who builded himself a house" in the parable, a foundation of rock to build upon, and the winds blew and the waves beat upon that house without overthrowing. Mr. Pratt is like the other man who rashly ventured to set up his dwelling upon the sand, and we all know what happened to him. A reformer must be thorough; and if any iconoclast wills to throw down the images that his fathers worshipped, he must not retain their rituals in his new cult. Now, that is exactly what Mr. Pratt does. His themes are commonplace, but are treated eccentrically; for instance the scena of Zenobia preceding the "Lullaby," is Abt pure and simple with uncouth accompaniment. The "Lullaby" itself is exquisitely beautiful, and wondrous to say, admirably scored; but the theme of the "Lullaby" ourselves have heard in India years ago, it is a *ghazul*, like "Ta aa ha ta aa," and is sung all over the East from Ceylon to "furthest Ind." Nevertheless, Mr. Pratt has used it with rare felicity, and Miss Dora Henninges' pure level singing, aided by Mr. Heinrich's admirably clarinet accompaniment, in which the instrument breathes responsive with the voice and but adds richness to the tone without obtruding itself as an independent factor, join to make Laaloo the success of the evening. We are far from blaming Mr. Pratt for borrowing the old Aryan theme. The very greatest masters have done the same thing nor should we have alluded to it save on account of Mr. Pratt's pretentions to ultra originality and complete self-dependence. Besides this Ghazul and Franz Abt, Mr. Pratt is largely indebted to Verdi, Balfe and Wagner, specimens of whose styles are thickly scattered through the score. To give an idea of the general style of the orchestration we must steal from Cervantes his phrase describing the Saturday's dinner of Don Quixote—"Duelos y quebrantes"—gripes and grumblings. The bassoons are made to growl among their very lowest notes, the oboes to squeak responsive, the brass to howl and the strings to scream, while the wind instruments are doubled in an inartistic manner that causes consecutive fifths to stick out

"Whose fifths there ought to be,"

like the fellow's boots in the old Scotch song. Who so doubles his instruments in scoring must remember that he is perforce writing in double counterpoint, and must look out for snags. The music of Zenobia, except the lullaby, the final duet, which is very pretty and very Balfey, is as the world was, according to the Scriptures—"without form and void."

The production is very fine—a full and powerful orchestra—a sufficient chorus, magnificent scenery and competent principals, among whom Mr. Connell stands supreme by reason of his voice, acting and make-up, and Miss Henninges, by reason of her mellow mezzo soprano and fine figure, but by no means of her acting, which is constrained and meaningless—Miss Wallace is exactly the right girl for Julia. Pretty as a pink, innocent-looking and fragile, she attracts the sympathy of the audience the moment she appears, and her voice and singing, if immature, are full of promise and charming to hear. Mr. Montegriffo sings exceeding well, but acts spasmodically; and Mr. Borneman has a fine voice, but cannot sing at all—in fact, he is another Franz Remmertz—"Vox et praeterea nihil."

The mounting of the opera by Max Strakosch is liberal in the extreme and fully redeems the somewhat boastful promises he made in his introductory paragraphs. Everything has been done to make a brilliant success of Zenobia—except the writing of it.

ELLIOTT BARNES.

Telegraphic News.

THE EDGAR FIASCO.

CHICAGO, August 22.—The Edgar Shakespearean company will disband on Saturday and return to New York. The cause assigned is that the backers of the enterprise, Davidson Brothers, the New York safe manufacturers, had refused to extend further aid. The business done has not paid Sara Jewett's salary. It has been discouragingly tight ever since the opening. Macbeth was given on Monday night to a fair attendance.

Owen Fawcett opened at the Grand in Dodging to light business. Youth, at McVicker's, is drawing fairly. The Silver King, at Haverly's, is the great card.

TOP O' THE MORNING.

PITTSBURG, August 22.—John F. Ward brought out his new play, Top o' the Morning, at the Opera House, on Monday night. There was a good-sized audience present. Though the piece had been played in a few towns en route, the performance is as yet crude. John F. Ward and Mary Davenport made hits. Mr. Ward is a favorite with Pittsburg audiences, and Maeder's play pleases very well. A good week's business is certain, as there is no opposition. The refurbished Opera House presents a neat and inviting appearance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 22.—Montayer's Specialty Tourists opened at the Sans Souci to a packed house. Indications point to immense business for the whole week. Every seat is sold for Thursday night. The company are all first-class in their specialties.

PETERSBURG, Va., August 22.—On Monday night the Barlow Wilson Minstrels opened our season with a bowm. The house was packed.

ST. LOUIS, August 22.—The new opera, Manette, was brought out at the Pickwick Theatre, instead of Uhrig's Garden, on Monday night. The cause of the change was that Louise Pritch refused to sing in the open air. The house was crowded. The composer of the music received a call. Matilda Scott Paine and Charles F. Long appeared in the cast. The former pleased very well.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 22.—Callender's Minstrels, at the Baldwin, have done the only good business of the week. The Union Square company is not doing as well as expected. The Banker's Daughter cast has proved a disappointment. McConnell, it is rumored, will give up the lease of the California in a few weeks.

Professional Doings.

—Will Donnelly has been re-engaged by J. K. Emmet.

—Maurice Pike has been engaged as stage manager for Emmet.

—Night-work on Miner's People's Theatre will begin next Monday.

—W. H. Fitzgerald will head a No. 2 Pop party, playing Adolphus.

—Lizade Le Baron is among the disengaged juveniles and soubrettes.

—Alf Wyman and wife (Lulu Wilson) have arrived from San Francisco.

—E. G. Matson, of Syracuse, was registered at the Morton last Saturday.

—Emmet's company leave Monday for a week's rehearsals in Albany.

—Madame De Smith is the understudy to Dora Henninges in Zenobia.

—Fun on the Bristol is now called Widow O'Brien by John F. Sheridan.

—Frank Goodwin opens his La Belle Russe season at Williamsburg Sept. 3.

—The Misses Hanley left for Boston Monday night to join the Pop party.

—N. S. Burnham left on Sunday's boat for Boston to attend Pop rehearsals.

—John Sutherland has been engaged for Lord Rotherton in The Merry Duchess.

—Harold Forsberg's lengthy proportions have been visible on the Square all the week.

—Erroll Dunbar resumes his place in Lawrence Barrett's company on Monday night.

—Roland Reed opens in Boston next Monday night. Check made a hit at the Hub last season.

—Edwin Arden has been re-engaged by the Frohmans for the part of Herbert Winthrop.

—Marion Mordaunt replaces Mrs. Annie Yeamans as Mrs. Jarvis in the Western Lights of London.

—George Conway, last season with Brooks and Dickson, has been engaged for a Silver King company.

—Frank M. Wills rejoins Chanfrau to play the Judge in Kit. He was not with the company last season.

—Quite a large company assembled, Monday morning, at the Standard to sing Merry Duchess music. There was no room for the Romany Rye companies, their members having to rehearse at the Turf Club Theatre.

—Florence Gould, whose portrait appears above, is a lady of History [illegible] last professional appearance was in Sweet Lavender, which piece she wrote in collaboration with Mortimer Clarke. She is at present disengaged.

—James Emery, who was with Minnie Hillen last season, will be musical conductor for Annie Pixley this season.

—John H. Reid's period opportunely with the Square last Sunday evening has begun to catch on readily in Boston.

—George Rosebery, last season with Rentz's Hearts of Oak, has been engaged for leading business by Baker and Farron.

—Edward L. Bloom bids farewell to the metropolitan last Friday, and started for the provinces ahead of Adonis Gump.

—Joseph Arthur, business manager for Edouin and Singer, arrived from London last Saturday morning by the *City of Chester*.

—There will shortly be a dearth of [illegible] attractions in San Francisco, for by [illegible] everything has been cancelled or [illegible]

—John B. Williams and wife (Ida [illegible]) have been engaged for Flora Moore's [illegible] of Keys company, for the parts of [illegible] Dolly.

—Margaret Mather will open her [illegible] season under J. M. Hill's management at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Monday night.

—The managers of the various Cincinnati hill-top resorts are, in lieu of other [illegible] giving their patrons some excellent pyrotechnic displays.

—Wing and Peyser's panorama of the Holy Land and the Life of Christ will open the season at the Academy of Music, Rochester, Sept. 27.

—C. C. Sutherland, Tom Bateman's correspondent in Cleveland, where he has been seeing to the Metropolis, returned to the city a week ago.

—Frank Sanger is out with a warning to provincial managers and others. He will prosecute any infringement of his rights in the Bunch of Keys.

—Charles Forbes has severed his connection with the Australian Circus and is in the business for himself. He is organizing a dramatic company.

—Kate Rehm, of Cincinnati, who will assume the role of Virginia Hillen, [illegible] portrayed by Dora Wiley, [illegible] Williams combination in Boston [illegible]

—J. J. Rosenthal, formerly connected with the Cincinnati *Penny Post*, has been appointed by Manager John H. Rehm to assist in the advertising department of the house's new theatre.

—Charles Conyers, business manager for the Troubadours, is just in from the country where he has been breaking for the stay-out season of the road. The Troubs open in Hoyt's, Sept. 5.

—Robert's 7-8-9 company begin rehearsals at Daly's Theatre next Tuesday. The Standard Opera company begin rehearsals at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on Saturday.

—Leo Cooper retired last week, having given up Conklin's claims to enforce their contract with Hitch's company at the Grand, Pittsburg. He leaves to-day for Minneapolis, Minn., to join Rentz's company at the Grand Opera House, St. Paul.

—Felix has closed on a new Vine Street site for the Union Square company, and has also made plans for the future company, [illegible] Redmond's company, Lily Post, Bill Post, Carrie Turner and others.

—The offerings of The Girl I Love are: W. Sutton, Ruby Standish, Harry Bloodgood, Courtney, Annie Buxton, Harry Bates, Ed. Anthony, C. W. Robbins, Cyril Rose and Miss Rose Campbell. E. H. Gardiner, manager.

—The committee of the new Knights of Columbus [illegible] comprises George M. Hudson, [illegible] John R. Topham, treasurer; J. H. Hudson, leader of orchestra; J. C. Hudson, [illegible] J. Williams, properties; J. [illegible] and others.

—Princess Chantrelle Rose Rehearsal Company's first effort at singing an English play. He is busy at work with rehearsals, etc., at the Chestnut. Herr Conreid's work at the Metropolitan Theatre, this city, was a revelation to [illegible] abroads as well as home-goers.

—The Castano Marionettes are playing this week in Worcester, Mass. They will have a warm greeting on their return to the Howard Gardens, Providence, next week. The Marionettes are repeating their engagements in New England with great success.

—Mishler's Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., will be, when the improvements are completed, one of the handsomest theatres in the country. Mr. Mishler has made his house popular by keeping on still-hill shows and catering to the best people of his city.

—Bertha Welby will open her season at Philadelphia, Sept. 3. Her company is complete, and time for the season is nearly filled. H. A. D'Arcy, her manager, claims to be successful in books, has been in professional life in this country and England for over a quarter of a century.

—Augustin Daly's business manager, Edward Dorsey, sends word to THE MIRROR that "this has been Mr. Daly's best year financially. The new play, [illegible] went big in all cities except New York. Would and She Would Not [illegible] play there."

PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Boston Museum: The entertainment given by Harrigan's Minstrels cannot be classed among the English comedies which afford so much pleasure to the patrons of this establishment. Yet, judging by the happy countenances and the laughter and applause of the audience, Southern comedy proved an agreeable substitute. Sir Harcourt Courtly, Dazzle, Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface gave place to Hughey Dougherty, J. Carroll Johnson, Harry Armstrong and Billy Richardson, and these Corkonians gave entire satisfaction. The principal feature of the first part was the singing of W. C. Hawkins, who possesses a remarkable soprano voice. A number of the jokes of the end men were new, while many appeared to be old acquaintances, probably stopping in the city for a week on their way to the seashore. Part second introduced Bobby Newcomb, Johnson and Powers, Hughey Dougherty and a sketch entitled "The Dudes' Picnic." The entertainment terminated with a burlesque entitled "The Princess of Madagascar," presented with a strong cast and extraordinary costumes. This week the forty-third dramatic season will open. The Marble Heart and The Gov'nor being the attractions; and on the 27th Impulse will be seen for the first time in this country, with a strong cast, which will include Kate Forsyth, specially engaged.

Oakland Garden: The Tourists attracted large numbers of people during the past week to see the new company in a Pullman Palace Car. The first act has been changed, though not for the better, and many alterations can be seen in the other acts, not all of which can be called improvements. In the second act specialties were introduced by the Dalys, Moore and Lessenger, Jeppe and Fanny Delano, Barney Reynolds and others, all of whom were received with hearty applause. This week Charles Fostelle plays a return engagement of Mrs. Partington, and next week an Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Park Theatre: Roland Reed opens the season 27th, appearing in Cheek, in which he met with such favor during his previous engagement.

Howard Athenæum: The opening bill at this theatre presents the names of many popular in the variety order, and includes the American Four, Carlo Benedittl, Thomas Daly and Lizzie Derious; the three Fletchers, Sheehan and Coyne, Bingham, Miss Ward, and others.

Boston Theatre: Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels appear 27th, followed Sept. 3 by F. S. Chanfrau.

Bijou: Pop, by Rice's Surprise Party, will be presented 27th.

Boylston Museum: A new programme, including many favorites, will be presented this week.

Items: By invitation of Messrs. Rich and Harris, a number of gentlemen visited the Howard Saturday evening, which was lighted up to enable the guests to note the many changes and improvements. The words of praise and admiration heard on all sides were well deserved, for the theatre presented a handsome appearance. In place of the old wooden balcony and gallery front are seen handsome iron railings, painted in bronze and gold. The former boxes on a level with the balcony have been taken away, and in place of these are seen four elegant boxes, two on each side. The ceiling has been handsomely decorated, and a new chandelier placed in the centre. After a large number of the guests had arrived the new curtain was lowered, and it merited the hearty applause with which it was received. It must be seen to be appreciated. It is the work of H. L. Reid, of Providence. Later in the evening Manager Harris invited the gentlemen to step into the green-room, and many of those present never having been on the Howard stage were eager to step on it, and waited for no second invitation. Upon entering the green-room the improvements soon there appeared to give much satisfaction, the new tables laden with catables, champagne, etc., attracting considerable attention. And after Messrs. Rich and Harris introduced their new act of opening bottles, encores were the order of the evening. The proprietors are to be congratulated upon the elegant appearance of the theatre, which is one of the handsomest in the city.—Augustin Daly's co. will appear at the Globe Sept. 3.—Frank Norcross has signed with Tompkins and Hill.

CHICAGO.

The most important event of the past week was the opening of Hooley's Theatre, for the season of 1883-4, by the George Edgar Shakespearean co. So much had been heard about the excellence of this organization, the care and expense which its backers had been put to to make it a typical Shakespearean co., that great interest was taken in their first appearance—not by the general public, unfortunately, but by the few who still regard Shakespeare with reverence, and can sit out the performance of his tragedies without a yawn. These lovers of the legitimate were present on Monday night, and gave an attentive hearing to Mr. Edgar in his performance of Lear. His enthusiasm was evinced, and in fact the audience was a remarkably cold one, bestowing applause sparingly, and only when some scene or speech was rendered in a manner to recall some other actor whose reputation in the part was familiar and popular. An instance of this was Mr. Edgar's tone and attitude when he says, "Ape, every inch a king." This was a close imitation of Forrest, and as such called forth applause. Mr. Edgar, in fact, gave us a Lear full of action and good elocution, but little originality; a robust Lear, who was as firm and steady on his legs as any one of his fifty knights, and whose voice could rattle the echoes at all times with an ease which showed long practice in the art. We saw no nature in it at all; it was exciting—that, and nothing more. Miss Jewett, as Cordelia, was admirable, most of all in the gentleness and sweetness of her voice in the scenes with Lear, and the manner in which she depicted the daughter's love. She was received with applause, as a welcome to an admired actress in other branches of the art. Mr. Plympton played Edgar as well as it has ever been done in this city, and the same can be said of Mr. Allen's Edmund. From these actors to the remainder there is a great drop. Except Mr. Huebner, they are nonentities. I speak of the male portion only, as Miss Vokes and Ada Ward are actresses who will doubtless hold their own with any. The plays which have thus far been produced are from Lear, are Othello, Romeo and Juliet and As You Like It. George Edgar's Othello is better than his Lear, because he can get more and give his voice full sway. It was a very good performance of an old school Othello, where noise is great measure makes up for art; but it cannot, in these days of art and nature combined, be considered as a truthful portrayal of the Jealous Moor. Mr. Plympton's legs was incontestably superior to the Othello, and this is only slight praise, for had Mr. Plympton not been suffering from a sore throat, which so affected his throat as to cause pain in speaking, and therefore compelled him to lose much in the interpretation of the text, he would have evinced much more than he did in the genuine appreciation of the audience. Miss Jewett as Desdemona and Miss Vokes as Emilia were both good, and Mr. Huebner's Cassio was a surprise in the dramatic scenes, which was never better done to our knowledge. At the Saturday matinee Miss Jewett played Juliet, and gave a very excellent performance. Indeed, it may be said that it was an improvement on former occasions. The lady has been identified as being with the parlor drama, the genteel lady of The Banker's Daughter type, that when she appears, in the parlor scene, gave a really finished and unexceptional piece of tragic acting. Others can not be behind the work of actresses with a specialty of this line of work, and with a skill that was unmistakable in its quality. It is quite evident that Miss Jewett is not [illegible] and we are much mistaken if this year [illegible] to see the gentlemanly to the admiration of the public, who will divide the honors in the Shakespearean Mother and Mary Anderson

DATES AHEAD.

Managers of traveling combinations will favor us by sending every week advance dates, and mailing the same to reach us on Monday.

DRAMATIC COMPANIES.

Aug Gaver: Philadelphia, (August 27, week; Baltimore, 28, week; Washington, 30, week; Louisville, 31, Sept. 5, week; N. Y. City, 6, two weeks.

Adelphi and Parasot (A. Zebedaide, business manager): Minneapolis, August 27, week; St. Paul, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Winona, Wis., 6; Dubuque, Ia., 7; Cedar Rapids, 8.

Aiken, Pickett (Robert Pickett, manager): Columbus, O., Sept. 3, week.

Aiken's and Ellis' Uncle Tom Co.: Hartford, August 27; Waterbury, 27.

Alhambra: Salt Lake City, 23, 24, 25.

Aronson, Shay's Company: Salt Lake, 23, 24, 25.

Arlington-Vella (Sam B. Vella, manager): Reading, Pa., August 25; Johnstown, 27; Ironton, O., Sept. 22, 23, 25.

Ashley Sisters: Brooklyn (Gd. Op. House), Sept. 1, two weeks.

Atkinson Dramatic Co. (W. W. Kelly, manager): Paterson, N. J., 30; N. Y. City (Windsor), 27, week; Chicago, 28, week; Richmond, Ind., 29; Louisville, 30, 31, 32; Cincinnati, 33, week.

Aubrey (Valie): Providence, R. I., Sept 20, week; N. Y. City, 27, week; Rondout, N. Y., 29; Syracuse, 30, 31; Rochester, 27, 28, 29.

Bates or Keys (Frank Sanger, manager): Columbus, O., Sept. 3, week.

Bates or Keys (Dudley McAdow, manager): Elmira, N. Y., Sept. 3; Corning, 4; Bradford, Pa., 5; Oil City, 6; Meadville, 7; Youngstown, O., 8.

Bijou Dramatic Co. (J. H. Browne, manager): St. Louis (People's), 23, week; St. Joe, Mo., Sept. 4, 7, 8; Atchison, Kan., 10, 11, 12; Council Bluffs, Ia., 13, 14, 15; Topeka, Kan., 17, 18, 19; Kansas City, 20, 21, 22.

Bella Moran (W. A. Gregg, manager): Frankfort, Ind., August 27, week (Fair); Bluffton, Sept. 3, 4; Kokomo, 5, 6, 8; Liberty, 10; Connersville, 11, 12; Brookville, 13; Lawrenceburg, 14; Greenville, O., 15, 16; Union City, Ind., 18; Tipton, 19; Logansport, 20, 21, 22; N. Manchester, 24.

Bowers Theatre Co.: Chicago, August 6, three weeks.

Bowers, Welby (H. A. D'Arcy, manager): Philadelphia, Sept. 3, week.

Boyd's Bijou: Ogdensburg, N. Y., Sept. 3; Rome, 4; Lockport, 5.

Boyd and Fay: Holyoke, Mass., August 27; Springfield, 28; Hartford, 29; Meriden, Ct., 30; Bridgeport, 31; New Haven, Sept. 1; Providence, 3, week.

Boyd and Fashon (L. E. Weed, manager): Cohoes, N. Y., August 27; Oneida, 29; Bradford, Pa., Sept. 3.

Bradley Campbell's Siberia: Philadelphia, August 30, two weeks; Providence, Sept. 7; Baltimore, 24, week; Washington, Oct. 1, week.

Brown and Dickson's European Spectacle: Philadelphia (Chestnut St.), Sept. 3.

Bub Cotton Family: Galesburg, Ill., Sept. 4; Mexico, Mo., 14, 15.

Charles Foutelle (Mrs. Partington): Boston (Oakland Garden), August 20, week.

C. B. Bishop (F. W. Paul, manager): St. Louis, Sept. 3, week; Baltimore (Academy), 24, week.

Charlotte Thompson (F. L. Yerance, business mgr.): Portland, Me., August 27, 28; Bangor, 29, 30; Lewiston, 31, Sept. 1; Montreal, 3, week; Burlington, Vt., 10, 11; Manchester, N. H., 12; Nashua, 13; Lowell, Mass., 14; Lawrence, 15; Worcester, 17; Meriden, Ct., 18; New Haven, 19, 20; Holyoke, Mass., 21; Northampton, 22; N. Y. City (23d St.), 24, three weeks.

Chanfrau (C. W. Tayleure, manager): Boston, Sept. 3, two weeks; Providence, 24, week.

Caren Swain: Lowell, Mass., Sept. 3; Fitchburg, 10.

C. A. Gardner (John W. Dunn, manager): Elgin, Ill., August 25; Rockford, 27; Beloit, Wis., 28; Janesville, 29; Watertown, 30; Milwaukee, 31, Sept. 1; Sheboygan, 3; La Pere, 4; Green Bay, 5; Appleton, 6; Neenah, 7; Oshkosh, 8.

Castland-Murray Co.: Appleton, Wis., 24; Fond du Lac, 25; Plymouth, 27; Manitowoc, 28.

Devil's Auction (Frank Gardner, manager): N. Y. City (Fourteenth Street), August 20, two weeks; Philadelphia, Sept. 3, two weeks.

Denman Thompson: Rockland, Me., Sept. 3; Belfast, 4; Bangor, 5; Dover, 6; Waterville, 7; Lewiston, 8; Gardiner, 10; Augusta, 11; Bath, 12; Portland, 13, 14; Portsmouth, N. H., 15; Concord, 17; Manchester, 18; Lowell, Mass., 19, 20, 21; en route; Indianapolis, 24, week.

Dan McCauley: Cleveland, O., Sept. 3.

Dan McCoy Business (J. K. Hackett, manager): Fall River, August 27.

D. H. Fitzpatrick (Shaun-na-Gow): Ottawa, Ill., August 26.

Estelle Comedy Co.: Frankfort, Mich., 23, 24, 25; Traverse City, 27, 28, 29; Cadillac, 30, 31, Sept. 1; Big Rapids, 3, 4, 5; Edmore, 6; Ionia, 7; Stanton, 8; Flint, 10; Flushing, 11.

Edwards' Folly Co. (Samuel Edwards, manager): Philadelphia, Sept. 17.

Emick Goodrich Co.: Hannibal, Mo., 24; Jacksonville, Ill., 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept. 1; Springfield, 3; Monmouth, 4.

Edgar Shakespearean Co. (Maze Edwards, manager:) Chicago, August 13, two weeks; St. Louis (Pope's), 27, week; Sedalia, Mo., Sept. 3; Hot Sprinks, Ark., 5.

Fun on the Bristol (Paul Nicholson, bus. manager): Brooklyn (Park), August 27.

Frank Mayo (Sheridan Corbyn, manager): Philadelphia (Walnut), August 25; Buffalo, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Hornellsville, N. Y., 7; Bath, 8; Penn Yan, 10; Binghamton, 11; Scranton, Pa., 12; Pittston, 13; Wilkesbarre, 14; Williamsport, 15.

Florences: Philadelphia, Sept. 24, week.

Fred. Warde (John J. Collins, manager): Adrian, Mich., August 25; Detroit, 27, week; Fremont, O., Sept. 3; Sandusky, 4, 5; Springfield, 6; Mansfield, 7; Ashland, 8; Cleveland, 10, week.

Gus Williams (J. H. Robb, manager): Coldwater, Mich., August 24, 25; Detroit, 27, week.

Gen. That I Love Co.: Cleveland, 23, 24, 25; Fostoria, 27; Toledo, 28; Ft. Wayne, Ind., 29.

Hatfield's Silver King Co. (W. H. Brown, manager): Brooklyn, August 27, week.

Haverly (John G. Magie, business manager): Cincinnati (Robinson's), Sept. 3, week; St. Louis (Olympic), 17, week; Louisville, 24, week; Milwaukee, Oct. 1, week.

Ida Atherbert Co. (Frank Bowers, busines mgr.): N. Y. City (Gr. Op. House), Sept. 3, week; Boston (Globe), 10, week; N. Y. City (People's), 17, week.

Hearts of Oak (James A. Herne, manager): Lowell, Mass., August 27; Keene, N. H., 28; Gloucester, Mass., 29; Portsmouth, N. H., 30; Fitchburg, Mass., 31; Marlboro, Sept. 1; Milford, 3; Norwich, Ct., 4; Willimantic, 5; New Britain, 6; Waterbury, 7; South Norwalk, 8; Brooklyn (Park), 10, week.

Harry Meredith's Ranch 101: Woonsocket, R. I., 25; Providence, 27, week; Holyoke, Mass., Sept. 3; Northampton, 4; Springfield, 5; Pittsfield, 6; Troy, N. Y., 7, 8.

Harry's McSorley's Inflation Co.: Philadelphia, August 27, week; Brooklyn, Sept. 3.

Haverly's Strategists Co.: Harlem, 27, week.

Henry Lacy's Planter's Wife Co. (Emily Rigl): Benton O., August 28; Chillicothe, 30; Cincinnati, Sept. 3, week; Chicago, 10, week; St. Louis, 17, week.

Hermann's Banker's Daughter Co.: Newburg, N. Y., Sept. 22; Kingston, 23; Saugerties, 24; Catskill, 25; Hudson, 26; Cohoes, 27; Glen's Falls, 27; Schenectday, 28; Amsterdam, 29; Little Falls, 30; Utica, 31; Ilion, 1st Mohawk, 24; Carthage, 25; Gouverneur, 26.

Harry Webber: Lancaster, Ill., 23, 23; Prairie du Chien, 24; McGregor, 25.

Herrmann's Millionaire's Daughter Co.: Chicago, Sept. 3.

Hoey and Berman: Brooklyn, 23, week; Newburgh, N. Y., Sept. 3; Troy, 4; Utica, 5; Syracuse, 6; Rochester, 7, 8; Buffalo, 10, 11, 12; Detroit, Mich., 13, 14, 15.

Jane McCullough (W. E. Conner, manager): Denver, August 20, week; Kansas City, Sept. 3, week; Minneapolis, 20, week; St. Paul, 17, week; Chicago, 24, three weeks.

Jolly Bachelors: Emporia, Kas., 23; Topeka, 24; Atchison, 25; Leavenworth, 27; Kansas City, 28, 29—close.

Jos. Murphy Lawrence (H. L. Taylor, business manager): N. Y. City, (3d Av.), Sept. 3, two weeks; Philadelphia, 17, two weeks.

John T. Raymond (Ariel N. Barney, business mgr.): Chicago, Sept. 10, two weeks.

J. K. Emmet (George Wilton, manager): Troy, N. Y., Sept. 3; Albany, 10, week.

Jane Hoey: Harlem, Sept. 3, week.

Jessie Dillon (George W. Walters, manager): Beloit, Wis., 23; Janesville, 24; Fort Atkinson, 25; Jefferson, 26; Madison, 28; Watertown, 28; Fon du Lac, 30; Plymouth, 31; Oshkosh, Sept. 1; Milwaukee, 2; Manitowoc, 3; Appleton, 4; Neenah, 5; Waupaca, 6; Warrens, 7; Merrill, 8.

Jeffreys Museum: Trenton, N. J., Sept. 23; Paterson, 24, 25; Brooklyn (Park), 27, week; N. Y. City (3d Av.), 24, week.

Jean Greene: Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23; Wilmington, Del., 24.

John A. Stevens: San Francisco (Gr. Op. House), August 23, two weeks.

Jefferson Thomas (J. M. Hickey, manager): Connellsville, Pa., Sept. 3; Uniontown, 4; McKeesport, 5; Steubenville, O., 6; Urbana, 7; Greencastle, Ind., 8; St. Louis (Grand Opera House), 9, week; Indianapolis, 16; Louisville, 17, 22, 24, 25, 26.

J. F. Cowper: Cleveland, O., Sept. 3.

John F. Ward: Pittsburg, August 20, week; Cleveland, 27, week; Buffalo, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Detroit, 6, 7, 8; Flint, 22; Grand Haven, 12; Muskegon, 13; Grand Rapids, 24, 25; Chicago, 17, week.

John Clayton (Spencer H. Cone, manager): Taunton, Mass., 27; New Bedford, 28; Newport, R., 29; Fall River, 30; Brockton, 31; Lynn, Sept. 1; Lawrence, 3; Manchester, N. H., 4; Lowell, Mass., 5; Fitchburg, 6; Gardner, 7; Holyoke, 8; Philadelphia, 10, week; Baltimore, 17, week; Washington, week.

Jos. Murphy: Chicago, August 27, week; Oshkosh, Wis., 30, Sept. 1; Lincoln, Neb., 23, 24, 25.

Kendall Dramatic Co. (H. A. Kendall, manager): Spirit Lake, Ia., August 23; Paris, Ill., Sept. 3, 6, 7, 8.

Kiralfys' Spectacular Co.: Toronto, Sept. 3, week.

Kiralfys' Excelsior: N. Y. City (Niblo's), August 20; Fall season.

Kittie Rhoades: Cincinnati, O., Sept. 6, 7, 8; Niles, 10, 11; Warren, 12, 13, 14, 15; Norwalk, 17, week; London, 24, 25; Jefferson, 26, 27, 28, 29.

Lambert-Richardson Co.: Decatur, Sept. 3, week.

Lawrence Barrett (Joseph Levy, manager): N. Y. City (Star Theatre), August 27, two weeks.

Lillian Spencer Co. (E. H. Clayburgh, manager): Saratoga, N. Y., August 27, 28; St. Edward, 29; Glens Falls, 30; Middletown, Sept. 3; Scranton, Pa., 6; Pittston, 7; Wilkesbarre, 8.

Lizzie Evans (John H. Havlin, manager) Cincinnati, August 25, eight nights; Lafayette, Ind., Sept. 3, 4, 5; Terre Haute, 6, 7, 8; St. Louis, 9, week; Vincennes, Ind., 17; Princeton, 18, 19, 20, 21; Evansville, 22.

Lucetta Ellani (Fun in a Boarding School): Cleveland, Sept. 3.

Lyrell's Around the World Co.: Montreal, August 23, two weeks; Toronto, 27, week; Hamilton, Ont. Sept. 3, 4, 5; Detroit, 10, week.

Lights o' London (Eastern; E. Gardner, manager): Portland, Me., Sept. 3; week; Bangor, 10; Lewiston, 17.

Lights o' London (Central; C. H. Keethin, manager): Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 3; Rondout, 4, 5, 6; Saratoga, 7, 8; Rutland, Vt., 10, 11; Burlington, 12, 13; Ogdensburg, 14, 15; Montreal, 17, week.

Lights o' London (Western; Walter Collier, Jr., manager): N. Y. City (Gr. Op. House), August 25, week; (People's), Sept. 3, week; Newark, 10, week.

Lights o' London (Southern; Charles Atwood, manager): Steubenville, O., August 27, 28; Urbana, 29, 30, 31; Sept. 1; Bellefontaine, 3, 4; Canton, 5, 6; Lima, 7, 8; Logansport, Ind., 10, 11; Lafayette, 12, 13; Joliet, Ill., 14, 15; Racine, Wis., 17, 18, 19; Oshkosh, 20, 21.

Mestayer's Tourists in a P. P. C. (A. S. Pennoyer, acting manager): Baltimore, Sept. 3, week; Detroit, 10, 11, 12; Logansport, Ind., 13; Lafayette, 14; Decatur, Ill., 15; St. Louis (Gd. Op. House), 17, week.

Mestayer's Tourists Specialty Co. (H. W. Brown, manager): Providence, 20, week; Worcester, 27, week; Philadelphia, Sept. 3, week; N. Y. City (Windsor), 10, week.

Majiltons: Boston (Globe), August 27, week; N. Y. City (14th St.), Sept. 3, week.

Margaret Mather (J. M. Hill, manager): Chicago, (McVicker's), August 27, two weeks.

Madison Square (Esmeralda; H. A. Rockwood, mgr.): Buffalo, Sept. 10, week; Chicago, 17, week; St. Louis, 24, week.

Madison Square (Young Mrs. Winthrop; E. M. Roberts, mgr.): Louisville, Sept. 3, week; Dayton, O., 10; Youngstown, 11; Springfield, 12; Zanesville, 13; Columbus, 14, 15; Cleveland, 17, 18, 19; Buffalo, 20, 21, 22; Erie, Pa., 24; Elmira, N. Y., 25; Scranton, Pa., 26; Wilkesbarre, 27; Easton, 28; Wilmington, Del., 29.

Madison Square (Esmeralda; F. L. Bixby, mgr.): Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 17; Newburg, 18; Kingston, 19; Hudson, 20; Saratoga, 21; Schenectady, 22; Gloversville, 24; Little Falls, 25; Rome, 26; Auburn, 27; Lockport, 28; Hornellsville, 29.

Madison Square (Young Mrs. Winthrop; J. H. Hart, mgr.): Morristown, N. J., Sept. 24; Elizabeth, 25; Rahway, 26; Asbury Park, 28; Red Bank, 29.

Minnie Maddern (Legrand White, manager): Rockville, Ill., 22, 23, 24; Kokomo, 25; Chicago, 27, week; Indianapolis, Sept. 3, week.

M. B. Curtis (E. C. Swett, manager): Chicago (Hooley's), 27, week; Rockford, Ill., Sept. 3; Janesville, Wis., 4; Racine, 5; Milwaukee, 6, 7, 8; Muskegon, Mich., 10; Grand Rapids, 11; Kalamazoo, 12; Jackson, 23; Bay City, 14; E. Saginaw, 15; Detroit, 17, week.

Maude Granger (Her Second Love): Georgetown, Col., 24; Colorado Springs, 25; Atchison, Kas., 27, Topeka, 28; Lawrence, 29; St. Joe, Mo., 30; Kansas City, 31, Sept. 1; rest one week; St. Louis (Olympic), 9, week; Philadelphia, 24, week.

Marie Prescott (Alfred Joel, business manager): N. Y. City (Un. Square), 20, three weeks; Philadelphia (Arch), Sept. 10, week.

Modjeska: Des Moines, Ia., August 30, 31, Sept. 1; Chicago, 3, two weeks.

McKee Rankin: Milwaukee, August 27.

Milton Nobles: Montreal, Sept. 10, week; Syracuse, 17, 18; Ithaca, 19; Rochester, 20; Bradford, Pa., 21; Olean, N. Y., 22; Oil City, Pa., 24; Youngstown, O., 25; Sandusky, 26, 27, lapse; St. Louis (Gr. Op. House), Oct. 1, week.

Marie Zoe (French Spy): Jersey City, Sept. 3.

Mattie Vickers: Belvidere, Ill., August 27, 28; Freeport, 29, 30; Rockford, 31, Sept. 1; Beloit, Wis., 3, 4; Monroe, 5, 6; Janesville, 7, 8; Chicago, 10, week; Milwaukee, 17, 18, 19; Grand Haven, Mich., 20; Grand Rapids, 21, 22.

Mrs. Langtry (Charles Mendum, manager): Burlington, Vt., Oct. 27; Montreal, 29, week.

Nobody's Claim Co. Baltimore, August 20, week; Pittsburg, 27, week.

Nat Goodwin: Louisville, August 27, week; Minneapolis, 17, 18, 19.

Neil Burgess (Fred Burgess, manager): N. Y. City (Pastor's), Sept. 3—Fall season; Baltimore, Oct. 15.

N. S. Wood: Baltimore, 20, week; N. Y. City, 27, four weeks.

Oliver Doud Byron: Boston, Sept. 24, week.

Only a Farmer's Daughter (J. Frank, manager): South Norwalk, Ct., August 27; New Brunswick, N. J., 28; Norfolk, Va., Sept. 3, 4; Petersburg, 5; Richmond, 6, 7, 8; Staunton, 10; Charlotteville, 11; Lynchburg, 12; Danville, 13; Raleigh, N. C., 14, 15.

Owen Fawcett: Chicago, 20, two weeks.

Our Summer Boarders (Elliott Barnes, manager): Jersey City, Sept. 10, 11, 12; Newark, 13, 14, 15; Philadelphia (National), 17, week; Norwalk, Ct., 24; Danbury, 25; Waterbury, 26; Naugatuck, 27; New Haven, 28, 29.

Palmer-Ulmer '49 Co.: Philadelphia, Sept. 3.

Princess Chuck Co. (W. J. Comley, manager): Springfield, Ill., Sept. 1; St. Joseph, Mo., 3, 4, 5; Lawrence, Kas., 6, 7, 8; Topeka, 10, week; Kansas City, 17, 18, 19; Denver, 24, week.

Power of Money Co.: St. Louis, Sept. 3.

Phoga McAllister: Minneapolis, Sept. 3.

Robson and Crane (Thomas F. Shea, manager): Bangor, Me., Sept. 19, 20; Portland, 21, 22.

Rial's Taken from Life Co.: Winnipeg, 23, week.

Rhea (Arthur B. Chase, manager): Stillwater, Minn., August 27; St. Paul, 28, 29, 30, 31, Sept.; Milwaukee, Sept. 3, 4, 5; Racine, Wis., 6; Rock Island, Ill., 7; Quincy, 8; Kansas City, 10, week; Topeka, Kas., 17.

Rehan's 7-26-8 Co.: Yonkers, N. Y., Sept. 3; Morristown, N. J., 4; Newburg, N. Y., 5; Paterson, 6; Newark, 7, 8; New Brunswick, 10; Trenton, 11; Lancaster, Pa., 12; Jersey City, 13, 14, 15.

Denver, 10, week; Ogden, Utah, 17; Salt Lake, 18, 19, 20, 21; San Francisco, 24, two weeks.

Rose Eytinge (Cyril Searle, manager): N. Y. City (People's), Sept. 24, week; Newark, Oct. 1, week.

Roland Reed (Gustave A. Mortimer, manager): Boston (Park), August 27; Buffalo, Sept. 3, 4, 5; N. Y. City (People's), 10, week.

Romany Rye No. 1: Williamsburg, Sept. 3, week.

Romany Rye No. 2: Montreal, Sept. 3, week.

Salsbury's Troubadours (C. J. Crouse, bus. agent): Newark, N. J., Sept. 5, 6; Paterson, 7; Trenton, 8; N. Y. City (Gr. Op. House), 10, week; Toronto, 17, week; Cleveland, 24, week.

Scott's Calamity Jane Co. (Alex. R. Webb, mgr.): Rolla, Mo., August 27; Lebanon, 28; Springfield, 29; Carthage, 30; Nevada, 31; Rich Hill, Sept. 1; Butler, 3; Wyandotte, Kas., 4; Topeka, 5; Olathe, 6; Leavenworth, 7; Independence, Mo., 8; Richmond, 10; Huntsville, 11; Palmyra, 12; Quincy, Ill., 13; Canton, 14; Peoria, 15.

Smith's Uncle Tom: Providence, Sept. 3, week.

Silver King Co.: Chicago, August 6, four weeks.

Southern Comedy Co. (Horace Wall, manager): Albany, Sept. 17, 18; Syracuse, 19, 20; Rochester, 21, 22; Buffalo, 24, 25, 26; Toronto, 27, 28, 29.

Sol Smith Russell: San Francisco, August 6, three weeks; Salt Lake, 26, 29; Leadville, 30, 31; Sept. 1; Denver, 3, week; Topeka, Kas., 10 (Fair week); Kansas City, 17 (Exposition week).

Thorne's Black Flag Co.: Brooklyn, Sept. 3, week; N. Y. City, 10, week; Providence, 17, week; Boston, 24, week.

T. W. Keene: (W. R. Hayden, manager): Chicago, (Hooley's), Sept. 3, two weeks.

Union Square Co.: San Francisco, August 13, six weeks.

Vokes Comedy Co.: N. Y. City (14th St.), Sept. 10.

William Stafford Co. (Willis Ross, manager): Danbury, Ct., Sept. 24.

Whiteley's Dramatic Co.: Mauch Chunk, Pa., 23; Carbondale, 24; Susquehanna, 25; Honesdale, 27; Plymouth, 28; Nanticoke, 30; Lewisburg, 31; Shamokin, Sept. 1; Ashland, 3; Shenandoah, 4; Mahanoy City, 5; Hazleton 6; Tamaqua, 7; Pottsville, 8.

Wyndham Comedy Co.: Syracuse, Sept. 3; N. Y. City (Union Square), 10, three weeks.

W. J. Ferguson (W. W. Kelly, manager): Baltimore, August 27, week; N. Y. City, Sept. 3, two weeks; Philadelphia (Chestnut St.), 17, week; Buffalo, 24, 25, 26.

W. J. Scanlan (W. H. Power, manager): Detroit, Sept. 3, week; Rochester, 10, 11, 12.

White Slave Co. (Harry Kennedy, manager): Philadelphia, 27, week; Pittsburg, Sept. 3, week; E. Liverpool, O., 10; Wheeling, W. Va., 11, 12, 13, 14; Steubenville, O., 15; Cincinnati, 17, week.

Woodward's Uncle Bill Co.: Bridgeport, Ct., August 30.

OPERA AND CONCERT COMPANIES.

Acme Opera Co. (C. D. Hess, manager): Oshkosh, Grand Haven, Mich., August 27; Muskegon, 28, 29; Grand Rapids, 30, 31; Kalamazoo, Sept. 1; Cincinnati (Havlin's), 17, week.

Abbott Opera Co.: Des Moines, Ia., August 20, week; Streator, Ill., 27; Minneapolis, Sept. 3; Duluth, Minn., 3.

Bennett-Moulton Opera Co.: Bangor, Me., 24, 25.

Chicago Ideal Opera Co.: Omaha, 23, 24, 25; Grand Island 27.

Company Mechanicsburg (Jessie Eldridge, manager): Worcester, Mass., 20, week; Providence, 27, week.

Duff's Standard Opera Co.: Chicago, Sept. 24, two weeks.

Foster's Opera Co.: Cincinnati (Lyceum), 27, week.

Fay Templeton Co.: Des Moines, Ia., 24, three nights; Galesburg, 27, 28, 29.

Grau's French Opera Co.: N. Y. City (5th Av.), Sept. 10, three weeks.

Gorman's Gottschalk Opera Co.: New Orleans (West End Pavilion), July 2—Summer season.

Grau's Opera Co.: Boston, 20, week; Albany, 27, week.

Holman Opera Co.: (J. C. Conner, manager): Toronto, August 6, four weeks.

Hungarian Gypsies: Cleveland (Hollenorth's), August 20, two weeks.

Lizzie St. Quentin: New Orleans (Spanish Fort), August 2—Summer season.

Pratt's Zenobia Co.: N. Y. City (23d St.), August 20, two weeks.

Rice's Comic Opera Co.: Philadelphia, Sept. 10.

MINSTREL COMPANIES.

Arbuckle's: Charlotte, N. C., August 31; Macon, Ga., Sept. 6.

Barlow-Wilson: (H. J. Clapham, manager): Staunton, Va., 23; Richmond, 24, 25; Baltimore (Holliday), 27, week; Washington, Sept. 3, week.

Baird's: Waltham, Mass., Sept. 3.

Callender's New Colored (William Welch, mgr.): San Francisco, 23, four weeks.

Carleton's Irish League: Philadelphia (Lyceum), August 27, week.

Dufrez and Bernecy's (C. H. Dupree, manager): Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 10.

Haverly's Mastodons: Rochester, N. Y., 23; Buffalo, 24, 25; Erie, Pa., 27; Detroit, 28, 29; Toledo, 30; Indianapolis, 31; Springfield, Sept. 1.

Hi Henry's: Bunyon, O., Sept. 24.

Haverly's New (Kit Clarke, manager): Elmira, N. Y., 23; Canton, O., 27.

M. B. Leavitt's Gigantean: Salem, N. J., 23; Burlington, 24; Mt. Holly, 25; Long Branch, 27; Yonkers, 28; Sing Sing, 29; Nyack, 30; Rondout, 31; Newburg, Sept. 1.

New Orleans: Hornellsville, N. Y., August 31.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's (G. T. Clapham, mgr.) Boston, 27, week; Philadelphia, Sept. 3.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

Castle's Celebrities: Chicago, August 25, week.

Davene's Attractions: N. Y. City, Sept. 3.

Evans, Bryant and Hoey's Metropolis: Boston, August 27, week; Philadelphia, Sept. 3.

Harry Miner's Co.: Brooklyn, 27, week.

Kate Bilsland's Female Minstrels: Waverly, O., 23; Jackson, 24, 25; Dayton, 27, week.

M. B. Leavitt's Rentz-Santley Novelty Co.: Trenton, N. J., Sept. 3; Wilmington, 4; Altoona, 5; Johnstown, 6; Connellsville, 7; Steubenville, 8; Pittsburg, week, 10; Baltimore, 17; Washington, 24.

M. B. Leavitt's All-Star Specialty Co.: Philadelphia, Sept. 4; Brooklyn, 10; Boston, 17; New York, 24.

Manchester-Jennings Co. (H. W. Williams, proprietor): Pittsburg (Academy), Sept. 3, week; Buffalo, 10, week; Cincinnati, 17, week; Milwaukee, 24, week; Chicago, Oct. 1, two weeks; Indianapolis, 15, week.

Pat Rooney Co: Philadelphia (National), August 27, week; Wilmington, Del., Sept. 3.

Tony Pastor's Own Co.: Indianapolis, 23; St. Louis, (Olympic) 26, week; Chicago, Sept. 3, week.

Triality Co.: Detroit, Sept. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Baron Seaman (magician): Portsmouth, O., Sept. 3, 4, 5.

Bayliss and Kennedy's Bright Lights: Chicago, Sept. 1, week; Akron, O., 12, 13; Bradford, Pa., 14, 15, Philadelphia, 17, week; Buffalo, 24, week.

Prof. Geo. Bartholomew's Equine Paradox: Newport, R. I., August 27, two weeks; Philadelphia, Sept. 10, three weeks; N. Y. City (Cosmopolitan), Oct. 1—indefinite engagement.

Tony Denier's Humpty Dumpty: Sterling, Ill., Sept. 12; Elgin, 27; Beloit, Wis., 29.

CIRCUSES.

Adam Forepaugh's: Canandaigua, N. Y., 23; Rochester, 24; Albion, 25; Buffalo, 27; Lockport, 28; Batavia, 29; Dansville, 30; Bath, 31; Hornellsville, Sept. 1; Olean, 3; Bradford, Pa., 4; Dunkirk, N. Y., 5; Erie, Pa., 6; Dayton, O., 20.

Barnum's: Lima, O., 23; Piqua, 24; Muncie, Ind., 25; Cincinnati, 27, 28, 29, 30; Covington, Ky., 31; Lexington, Sept. 1; Louisville, 3, 4; Columbus, Ind., 5; Lafayette, 6; Logansport, 7; Ft. Wayne, 8; Evansville, 10; Vincennes, 11; Terre Haute, 12; Danville, Ill., 13; Decatur, 14; Jacksonville, 15.

Barrett's: Mt. Ayr, Ia., 23; Bethany, 24; Albany, 25; A'bia, 27; Fairchild, 28; Mt. Pleasant, 29; Farmington, 30; Union, 31.

Cody and Carver's Wild West: Brooklyn (Brighton Beach), indefinite.

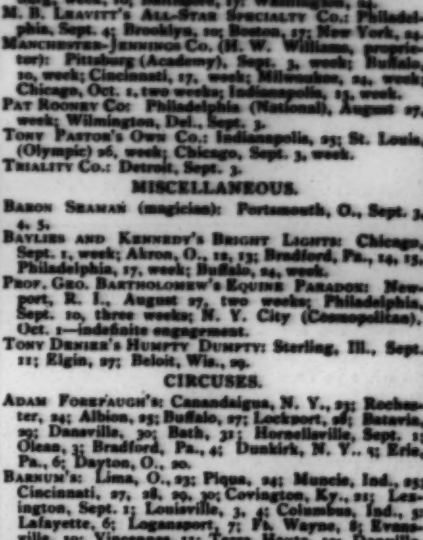
Cole's: Webster City, Ia., 23; Waverly, 24; Osage, 25; Manchester, 27; Galena, Ill., 28; Platteville, 29; Mineral Point, 30.

Doris': Washington, N. J., 23; Morristown, 24; Orange, 25; Easton, Pa., 27; Bethlehem, 30; Allentown, 31; Reading, Sept. 1; Harrisburg, 3; York, 4; Frederick, Md., 5; Hagerstown, 6; Martinsburg, Va., 7; Winchester, 8; Staunton, 9.

O'Dale Stevens': Brooklyn, August 6, three weeks.

Sells: Urbana, O., 23; Lancaster, 24; Xenia, 25; Circleville, 27; New Lexington, 28; Coshocton, 29; Denison, 30; Cadiz, 31; Washington, Pa., Sept. 1; Bellaire, 3; Barnesville, W. Va., 4; Fairmount, 5; Clarksburg, 6; Grafton, 7; Piedmont, 8; Harrisonburg, Va., 10; Staunton, 11; Charlotteville, 12; Danville, 13; Lynchburg, 14; Lexington, 15; Richmond, 17, Pittsburg, 18; Weldon, N. C., 20; Portsmouth, Va., 21; Norfolk, 22; Raleigh, N. C., 24; Henderson, 24; Tarboro, 26.

Professional Doings.



—We present above a portrait of the talented little daughter of Sam B. and Agnes Wallace-Villa. Lucie lately celebrated her eleventh birthday with a garden-party at her parents' home in Ridgewood, N. J., where she entertained an army of little folk. Looking at the little girl, so merry with her dolls and playmates, one could scarcely realize that it was the same girl who personates the sad, pensive child in Miss Multon—whose pathos invariably affects her audiences. Her parents and friends have great hopes for her future. After this season Lucie will leave the stage to finish her education, which will include music. Her voice is developing into a high soprano, and is already trained as far as her years will allow. When she returns to the stage it will probably be at one of our city theatres.

—Harry Fisk, of the Standard Theatre, with his family, is at Naugatuck, Ct.

—Flora Moore's Bunch of Keys company is rehearsing this week at Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre.

—Madelon Zolo has signed with J. W. Collier to play the leading female rôle in Our Summer Boarders.

—Mlle. Rhéa's route has been materially changed, and she does not go to the Pacific Coast next month.

—Zozo, the Magic Queen, is the title of the new show-piece for painting the scenery of which Henry E. Hoyt receives $5,000.

—Only a Farmer's Daughter, with Adelaide Cherie as the star, opens season at Norfolk, Va., on Sept. 3. Miss Cherie will be supported by Camilla Kinzey, Emma Frank, and Messrs. Gibson, Granger, Evans and others.

—The forty-third season of the Bowery Museum was opened this week with The Marble Heart and The Gaw'ney.

—W. H. Smithhurst closed his connection with the Wild West Show on Saturday night, as Lights o' London demanded his services.

—Helen Corbett is engaged for a second season as leading juvenile with the Fitzsimmons, playing Libby Dear, Sam Willoughby, etc.

—Elliott Barnes will star the coming season, in his comedy, Our Summer Boarders, under the management of J. W. Collier, at the Union Square Theatre.

—Josh Ogden will be the *avant courrier* of Joseph Murphy this season. His "1st Heavy" was of short duration. In fact, he has had little idle time, as he is still on duty with the Wild West Show.

—The largest house at the Windsor under the management of Stevens and Marden was on Saturday night, at the close of The White Slave engagement. Over five hundred standing-room admissions were sold. Hundreds were turned away during the last four nights.

—Coburn, after being for several years without a decent place of amusement, has now a neat little opera house under the management of P. J. Cullen, of Albany. It was dedicated on Tuesday night by the Wilbur Opera company, with Olivette as the attraction.

—The John F. Ward Comedy company comprises Ida Ward, Lillie Ward, Mary Davenport, Susie Davis, Mary Tenney, George James, stage manager; A. R. Dunsey, William McVeagh, W. T. Duncan, P. J. Kelley and the star. D. R. Allen, manager; Will J. Duffy, business manager; Frank E. Stark, advance.

London News and Gossip.

London, August 12, 1883.

If I could close my eyes to surroundings, I could fairly imagine myself back in New York. In one shop window I see Lillian Russell's pictures; in another, the sweet face of Alice Atherton gazes from out a frame; further on, I behold Mary Anderson's everlasting profile. On the fence the awful litho representing Wilson Barrett with his hands clasped over his stomach in the last agonies of colic, has given place to the announcement that the Gaiety with Russell is producing Virginia and Paul by Solomon. The soul-harrowing figure of Genevieve Ward kneeling on a stone floor and wringing her paws has, thank Heaven, been removed from the gaze of a suffering public, and the photo gallery scene from Sparks substituted. I went to see this last delightful bit of jollity a few nights ago at the Avenue Theatre. The seats given me were abominable. They were in the fourth or fifth row back of the dress circle, which is the same as the balcony in our American theatres. Had I not been blest with good eyes and ears, and had seen the piece before in New York, I would have been at a dead loss to know what was going on. The lower part of the house was by no means full.

Of Sparks, it is needless to say that it "caught on," and has kept its hold ever since. The first act is a trifle slow, but the second compensates for it. Willie Edouin as Binks, the photographer, was at his best, and kept the house in a continual roar. Alice Atherton astonished people with her portraits, most of which were English celebrities. Pretty Vic. Reynolds, who I used to see at the Bijou during the McCaull *regime*, plays the part of Kitty, the soubrette, and excellently too. Buttons, afterwards Binks' assistant, is a genius. The manner in which he flies down stairs head first, totally ignoring steps, or bounces out of the window through the glass, is most astonishing, and causes innocent old ladies to wonder "However on airth kin he do it?" Dick Golden is better as the Dude than as Farmer Rocco or the Marquis in The Merry War. He dresses the part to perfection, and one would imagine he had spent his whole life in perambulating Broadway between Fourteenth and Twenty-fifth streets, engaged in the subtle art of mashing. Dick is a clever comedian, and, to quote his own words, has yet to make his first fiasco. I leave Dora Wiley till the last, because I want to say more of her. First, I am sorry to see her with Sparks, inasmuch as she should be at the pinnacle of fame as a light opera prima donna. Her voice and method of using it are so far ahead of anything we have off the Italian opera stage at the present day, that it is a pity and to me a mystery that she is not where she belongs. I am glad, very glad, that she is in London, for here, if one has her talent, coupled with real refinement, one can always get on in the higher musical circles, as concerts and oratorio, which, in a city that has almost a dozen concerts each night, and as many oratorios a month, pays a goodly revenue to the artist who may be fortunate enough to secure engagements at them. I am certain that Miss Wiley will receive many advantageous offers, before she has been here long.

The other night Irving had a benefit to enable him to lay in a half-dozen celluloid collars and cuffs before landing on our shores. The house was jammed, and probably no actor since Macready ever had such a benefit, and it was a fitting sequel to the banquet. The programme was varied, and began with W. J. Wills' play of Eugene Aram, arranged and condensed into one act of two tableaux. Herbert Reeves then sang "Com' e' Gentil" and "Jolly Young Waterman." Tuole convulsed the audience as usual by his recitation of "Trying a Magistrate." Sims Reeves sang "The Death of Nelson" and "Then You'll Remember Me." The programme concluded with The Belle's Stratagem, arranged into two acts. After the performance Irving and Terry were repeat

The Giddy Gusher

ON VAMPIRES.

We all of us know the risks we run when we descend into our graves. I don't mean the risks against which we take out insurance in different religious companies; but I mean the second attack of shovels and spades that generally carries us off. I know one old lady so afraid of Stewart's fate, that, to be preserved from travelling around the country in a hand-satchel after death, she had a ton of coal dumped on her coffin, and the resurrectionist took a wheelbarrow and laid in his Winter fuel as well as a careful old female corpse. I don't suppose it much matters to us, after the funeral ceremony, what is done with the empty husk; but to harrows the feelings of those left behind to go crying over vacant graves, and we properly punish the infernal thieves who steal our dead—when we catch 'em!

* * *

There's another class of mortuary ghouls we ought to go for. They may not be as thick in New York as in other places; but they are increasing in numbers, and let me tell you about 'em.

* * *

Maria McIntyre is a friend of mine, living in the upper part of this island, and she sent me word the other day that the Angel of Death had snatched her Jeremiah the night before, and asked me to go up and stop on the premises till she was over the worst of it—meaning the funeral.

"Now," said she, when I got there, "the house is run down, and I wish you would take charge for this day at least."

I thought the job was an easy one, and assumed the reins of government as cheerfully as I would pick up a pair over an old family horse. Wait till you hear how it turned out.

* * *

We had a crape flag on our bell-pull calculated to paralyze the arm of a lightning-rod peddler; but notwithstanding that, it whanged away three strokes to the minute.

"What's the matter with that bell?" I asked Bridget.

"It's folks to see the corpse," said she. "Ivery wan that says the crape upon the dhure be's shtopping."

"I'll soon stop that," said I, and the next time the bell rang I answered it myself. A woman and a girl a dozen years old stood there.

"When will the funeral be?" asked the woman in a doleful voice.

"At two o'clock to-morrow."

"Was it sudden?"

"No, it was expected." (Jeremiah had been drinking himself to death with amazing spirit and industry for eight years.)

"Is the family much cut up?"

"No—as far as I can see they are perfectly whole."

"Can I see the corpse?"

"You cannot. At the funeral there may be an exhibition. I can't say as to that even."

"Well, I never. It's the first time I ever knew a family refuse to show their corpse. It ain't suicide, is it?"

"I'm not the regular practitioner here," replied I; "but I admit I think it was."

* * *

That woman spread the news all over the neighborhood that Jeremiah McIntyre took poison, cut his throat and hung himself with his suspenders to the transom. Then they took it out of that old bell lively for particulars of the suicide. My next move was to put a boy on the stoop with a placard stating that—

Jeremiah died of the respectable complaint entitled "nervous exhaustion," from which friends and relatives were also suffering. Therefore it is contagious ("contagious" in big letters); that the funeral, as advertised, would be at two next day.

That no one could view the remains.

That we wanted to borrow no mourning.

That Mrs. McIntyre desired to see no one.

That we required nothing beyond absolute quiet—uninterrupted retirement.

* * *

Crash went the gong-bell. I went up to thrash the boy. There stood a cart with "Milkweed and Simkins' Photographs" painted on it, and a cadaverous-looking man in an alpaca coat before the door.

* * *

"I called," he said, "to show you specimens of photos I have made after death and to make a first-class picture of the deceased."

"Were you sent for?" I asked.

"No, but I see by the crape on the door—and I asked the boy." (I looked at the boy, and he dodged.) "I find it's a middle-aged party—if you will be kind enough to show them to the widow and family."

And he handed out a large double folding sheet, on which were pasted about twelve of the worst looking pictures I ever saw outside the frame hanging in the Morgue.

"Great heavens!" I cried, "do you suppose we want more than one funeral here at a time. Are your friends able to bury you? I hope they are, for they will have it to do if you are not off this stoop in less than two minutes."

I cooped inside for a cast-iron umbrella-stand that seemed to fit the emergency, and the photographer fled.

* * *

The [illegible] boy was pleased again, and the hall sustained a peaceful existence for [illegible] minutes, when it changed hastily. I [illegible] pitcher of ice-water and started for the [illegible].

"[illegible]," said the widow. "You might [illegible]; he's a small man."

[illegible] a small man with two [illegible] each side of him

I went down, thinking he'd brought some new style of burial-case that screwed together when used.

"I have called," began the horror, "to exhibit to you my great discovery of preserving flowers for the dead. This wreath, as you see printed inside, is for Miss Abel Illvens, who died of consumption in Thirty-fourth street last March. They never turn, but keep their waxen beauty to cheer the heart of remaining friends, and make the memory of those who are not lost but gone before to blossom as sweet as these lovely flowers which was on the coffin of the defunct."

He stopped for breath, and I reached round behind the door for the umbrella-stand.

"This cross," he continued, "was preserved by me nearly five years ago, and you can see how it's stood the test. So long as you don't break the glass the flowers is sure to last just as you see them, and keep their waxen beauty to cheer the hearts of remaining friends, and make the memory of those who are not lost but gone before——"

Round came the cast-iron umbrella-stand and swept the preserved flower crater and both cases off the top step. His admonition not to break the glass had been forgotten, and crash went the covering of Miss Abel Illvens' mortuary wreath, and out rattled the funeral blossoms.

Convinced he'd struck a lunatic asylum, the man gathered his fractured legs and baggage and flew. A handful of the "preserved flowers" left behind exposed the fraud. They were cheaply gotten up wax flowers and not real ones, preserved by any process, as he claimed for them. Then I heartily wished I had aimed higher and taken off his fraudulent old head.

* * *

After this episode I know I had exhausted the resources of annoyance and took things very easy for half an hour, when a modest ring convinced me it was a messenger from my Ichabod who was getting anxious for news of his good Samaritan; and I walked up and was confronted by a rawboned woman, who took from under her shawl a mourning frame of some black stuff, in which was a feeble little willow tree, drooping over something I took for a gravy-boat, but which she said was a tomb.

"This," began the agent, "is the work of Signor Latheram. It is made of the hair of his deceased wife. He will make you a piece like this from the hair of your dead friend for ten dollars. It is a pleasant memento, a highly decorative picture and an artistic curiosity—three things that should commend it to your favorable notice."

Now, Jeremiah was as bald as the china door-knob I held in my hand. All the hairs he had, scratched together, wouldn't have turned out the handle on one side the gravy-boat tomb, and so I told her.

That was no objection. They run in a choice selection of other hairs, it seemed, and just worked in the original Jeremiah on the more prominent places.

I looked at this woman. She was no meek little chromo like the busted wax-flower man or the routed photographer. She was a foeman worthy of my steel, or rather of my cast-iron, for I was feeling round behind the door for the umbrella-stand again.

Just as I got a beautiful grip on it a voice across the way sang out:

"Come off! come off! she'll kill you," and there stood Old Wax-Works in the door of the drug store where he'd been buying sticking-plaster for his broken shins. Thus warned the hairy tombstone builder rushed down the steps like an alpaca cyclone and the umbrella stand chipped off a piece of the granite railing.

* * *

By this time a platoon of police from the Central Office had come up—for one of the early callers had spread the report that Jeremiah McIntire had been poisoned by his wife and female friends, who were defending their honor and seeking to bury their victim and evade detection of their crime. Then the photographer had told of the criminal assault made by a powerful woman with a terrible weapon known in Russia as the "annihilator." The photographer had travelled in Russia and familiar with the deadly engine of destruction. The wax-work man had telephoned at the drug store to the nearest station that the inmates of a private lunatic asylum, located in One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth street, were loose, committing suicide on passing pedestrians and assaulting respectable men of business.

* * *

The screams of the hair-work women urged the cops to instant action. They drew their clubs, they broke the photograph man's head as he stood adjacent, watching developments; they arrested the wax-work man; they busted the windows of the drug-shop, and then came over to see what was the matter. I put the deceased Jeremiah's walking-stick into the umbrella stand and went out in the area with a bottle of Johnny Harkins' Pale Hennessy (that was got for the watchers) and told the good-looking sergeant it was a funeral, and would he be kind enough to drink the dead man's health—and prove the friend to the widow and orphan that I knew him to be. And he accepted, and that ended the work of the day for your GIDDY GUSHER.

Daly's Theatre company, to play only in New York during the regular season, beginning Oct. 1, includes Ada Rehan, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, May Fielding, Virginia Dreher, Lizzie Jeromy, Helen Leyton, May Irwin, Cora Gordon, Agnes Perring, Charles Fisher, James Lewis, John Drew, Yorke Stephens, Charles Leclercq, William Gilbert, George Parkes, C. Bainbridge and E. T. Webber. The 7-20-8 company, under the management of Richard Dorney, to play in principal cities only, opening on the same date, is composed of Bijou Heron, Hattie Russell, Jennie Reifferth, Jennie Clifford, Minnie Dean, Frank Hardenberg, Fulton Russell, Henry Miller, D. G. Longworth, Harry Rainforth and Charles Bell.

Mr. Charles T. Mills, father of Genevieve Mills (Mrs. Harry Mann), died suddenly during the performance at the Union Square Theatre on Tuesday night. Mr. Mills had escorted his daughter to the theatre, and, feeling unwell, stepped out to a near-by drug-store. While making his wants known to the clerk, he suddenly fell to the floor and died. Mrs. Mann was sought in the theatre, and, before the sad news could be broken to her, divined that something was wrong. Her grief was heart-rending. W. W. Kelly called a cab and escorted her home, and then spent the rest of the night in hunting up a coroner, who was not found until after two in the morning. Mr. Mills had been subject to hemorrhages.

Professional Doings.

—Emily Meynard is engaged with Tourists No. 1 this season. Her ambition is in the direction of the comic opera stage. She is a good singer and a handsome woman. Another season may see her in a different field. Her portrait appears above.

—J. F. Smith has severed his connection with Slavin's West Indies company, and writes THE MIRROR that he has started on a tour around the world. As he adds in a postcript that he will be in New York in November, it is probable that the tour will only last the regulation eighty days.

—The part of Elise in An American Marriage was written for Grace Logan by her sister Celia. Miss Grace was to have sailed from Liverpool on the *City of Richmond* August 21, but her departure has been postponed so that she may attend the funeral of her brother-in-law, William Wirt Sikes.

—The company supporting Bella Moore in Fogg's Ferry and Dewdrop includes Caomie Hynson, W. D. Ingram, Joseph Daymond, S. H. Sellers, J. D. McKitrick, William Allford, Nettie Morton, Mrs. Joseph Daymond, Selma Paxton, W. A. Gregg, manager; A. B. Bennett, advance agent.

—W. C. Bryant, of the Brooklyn *Times* print, has just completed two nine-sheets in five colors for Only a Farmer's Daughter, which have received much attention from managers. Two three-sheets, by the same designer, are made from five shades of blue. These last are looked upon as a novelty.

—Lytton Sothern, with the four English members of his company, in all probability, sailed from Queenstown yesterday, and a cable is expected by Manager Everett to-day. Dundreary is to be the opening piece Sept. 17 at Albany. The repertoire will include David Garrick, A Regular Fix, Betsy, and Sam.

—Arthur Rehan's 7-20-8 company will include Louise Dillon, Clara Fisher Maeder, Mamie Floyd, Muriella Lester, Jennie Bright, Harry Hotto, George Vandenhoff, Ernest Bartram, J. F. Raymond, J. F. De Gez and W. H. Reeves. John J. Henry and Harry Randall, agents. Season opens at Yonkers, N. Y., Sept 3.

—John E. Ince's company to play Fun in a Boarding School is made up as follows: Alice Baldwin, Mrs. Grace Clare, Clara Bell, Frank Richmond, Burton Adams, Alexander Agnew, H. F. Gruendler, musical director; Frank C. Gayler, manager; W. C. Gayler, agent. A Bar'l o' Money, by Charles Gayler, is in preparation.

—The Silent Man, a four-act comedy-drama by Joaquin Miller, was given a trial in Paterson, N. J., on Saturday night, and the experiment was satisfactory to Frank Evans, who is organizing a company to produce it at Pope's Theatre, St. Louis, week of Sept 3. Among others, Frank Mordaunt and Libby Noxon are engaged.

—The company to support Lillian Spencer will comprise Wilson Day, Frank Irving, Charles Drake Bassett Willard, J. A. Washburn, Robert Norton, Albert Lansdell, G. S. Robinson, Edith Houston, Florence Potter, Kate M. Kidder and Blanche Ford Edward Clayburgh, proprietor and manager. T. D. Marks in advance.

—M. B. Curtis' Sam'l of Posen co. includes: Albina De Mer, Rachel Booth, Mary Radcliffe, Emily Stowe, Harry Eytinge, W. H. Doyle, Edgar Davenport, Charles Rosene, Marvin Griffith, J. L. Morgan and William Roland. Edward C. Swett, manager; James F. Joyce, agent. Open at Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, August 26, for one week.

—Tony Denier's co. for his fourteenth season is made up as follows: Charles W. Ravel and George D. Melville, clowns; Walla Leonhardt, Rome Leonhardt, Leona Fontainbleau, Mlle Roselle, the Lorbeys, Professor Gleason and trained dogs, Tilson and Errol, Mlle. Elbe, Pettingill and Frazer, John Corrigan, Talman Bros.; Professor F. E. Butters, leader of orchestra. Open at Janesville, Wis., Sept. 1.

—Salsbury's Troubadours will this season consist of Nat Salsbury, Nellie McHenry, John Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Daboll and Fred. A. Bowman, with Theodore Benedix, musical director; Charles J. Crouse, agent; Frank Maeder, acting manager. They open at the Park Theatre, Newark, Sept. 5, with Green-Room Fun. During the season they will produce their new skit by Fred Marsden, entitled Chums.

—A complication has arisen with regard to the programme of the Union Square Theatre which may lead to litigation. Albert Weber had been furnishing the programme under a contract with A. M. Palmer. When Shook and Collier took charge of the house, they ignored Weber's house-bill and furnished their own. Mr. Weber will invoke the law. He is at present circulating his bills on the sidewalk.

—F. S. Chanfrau will have in his Kit this season: J. Clinton Hall, Frank M. Wells, W. R. Owen, S. H. Verney (stage manager), Philip Kemble, J. T. Wheatley, Joseph P. Conyers, W. H. Bryan, J. A. Mallen, J. H. Alliger, W. L. Black, Lizzie Hight, Virgie Neilson, Sophie L. Gilpin, Elizabeth Robbins, Volitine Black and Little Birdie Black. A. R. Waterman is the advance agent; J. H. Alliger, assistant business manager. The repertoire will include Kit, Isabel Vane, Madge, the Gypsey Queen; Sam, The Octoroon; London Assurance, A Mystery of Paris, The Bankrupt's Wife, and a new comedy conceit, written for Mr. Chanfrau by C. W. Taylcure, entitled Hub Punch.

—The Hoop of Gold, which Charles Watson and Leslie Allen will produce for a trial on Sept. 10 at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, is a melodrama which ran over two hundred nights in London and has been played eighteen months in the British provinces. The following people will, if possible, be engaged for the production: Harry Lee, Walden Ramsay, Charles Wheatleigh, Leslie Allen, Harry Heath, Will Cowper, John Mathews, Ada Ward and Fanny Reeves.

—The Richmond-Graham Comedy company opened its season at Amsterdam, N. Y., on Monday night. The piece presented, Carrots, by Mrs. Martha Lattie Johnson, of Philadelphia, pleased the rustic immensely. Manager Kelly says that though the mercury was away up in the nineties, the house was a hundred dollars better than he had expected. He has been lucky in securing two or three Exposition weeks in the West. Carrots will be seen at the Windsor next week.

—Eaves is at work on costumes for the Virginia revival at Philadelphia next month. He has just finished a new outfit for the Hanlons and for Robson and Crane's Comedy of Errors. When Mrs. Langtry's costumes for As You Like It were burned at the Park Theatre fire the stock was replenished in four days' time. Mr. Evans is in happy possession of the Passion armor and other properties of the Twenty-third Street Temple.

Theatrical Diary and Route Book.
SEASON OF 1883-84.
Compiled and published by W. M. McManus, of Madison Square Theatre Traveling Companies.

I desire to call the attention of theatrical managers and agents and proprietors of Opera Houses to the fact that I have compiled and published a new note-book for season of 1883-84. The book has many advantages over any ever published. It is arranged with complete diary from July, 1883, to July, 1884, inclusive. Two pages are devoted to each month, and are ruled with space for Town, Opera House, Hotels, Newspapers, Baggage, Bill-Poster and Terms. It will be seen at a glance that by this arrangement that a book of this kind becomes a complete ready reference—for agent and manager—which has long been desired. Price of same, 30 cents each. Sent by mail. Address W. M. McMANUS, Publisher, P. O. Box 53, Englewood, Illinois.—*Com.*

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Notice to Managers and Actors
Mr. Charles Overton has purchased the sole right for America, direct from the author, J. Moretmer Murdock, the latest successful London drama, in four acts, entitled
The Hoop of Gold.
This drama has been properly and lawfully secured to Frederick Booth Swift.
Mr. Overton, by papers drawn before Lebbeus H. Mitchell, Vice and Deputy Consul General, and Notary Public of the United States in London, and has been duly assigned by Mr. Overton to Frederick Booth Swift, of New Haven, Conn., who has taken all necessary and lawful measures at Washington, D. C., to secure his copyright and title therein. Any one infringing on the title or plot will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. The successful, realistic, powerful and thrilling drama,
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G. H. Perkins,	Jennie McNulty,
H. W. Amberg,	Emma Calef,
Horace Frail,	Polly Winner,
J. L. Slattery,	Annie Winner,
Bridge Wheat,	Emma Mulle,
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A Scene from Mirovitch, the Russian Liberator.

(A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.)
BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS.

[This preliminary statement is made in the hope that it may interest the professional reader in the future of the play. The author, finding that Witchcraft, which he had submitted to Mr. Forrest, did not suit him (it was afterward successfully performed through the United States by Mr. Murdoch), undertook to write a play, which, while it sought to allow scope for the forceful elements of Mr. Forrest's personality, might be something in advance in the intellectual direction. The play, so projected, was taken to London on his last visit by the tragedian, with a view to its production there. Strangely enough, Mr. Forrest there submitted the MS. to an actor (Mr. Macready) whom he held to be his worst enemy. Finding the atmosphere of London unfriendly, Mr. Forrest could or would not venture to present it. It accordingly came back into the hands of the author, who has made various changes in the action, plot and language, better fitting it for representation than when approved by the great tragedian. I cannot withhold my belief that, as it now stands, if Mr. Forrest were living to enact the leading part, it would have proved the most characteristic and popular of all his personations. It may show, in reading the scene now offered, that on actual preparation for performance, these very lines now presented may require the file.]

SYNOPSIS:

Mirovitch, whose ambition it is to liberate Prince Ivan and place him, as the rightful heir, on the throne of Russia, usurped by Catharine, gains access, in the disguise of an old man, to the cell of the Prince, where he is put in charge of his bitter enemy, Bereditsef, the confidential agent and spy of the Empress, who is secretly empowered to compass the death of her youthful rival. At this conjuncture, Bereditsef having left the scene, Mirovitch, who is unknown to the Prince, comes forward, as exhibited in the following interview:

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Prison on the Neva. Arcades or Arches behind.*

Enter, upon the corridor, Bereditsef, *Governor of the Prison. With him* Vlassief, *and* Mirovitch, *disguised as an old man, who remains at back.*

Bereditsef.

How is the royal prisoner?

Vlassief. Pale; but in health and strength, the same.

Ber. What's his discourse? Of past, present or to come?

Vlas. More silent than for many days.

Ber. When dies his spirit to Heaven,
Or whithersoe'er, so out of Schlusselburg
We shall have a one. This charge is great.

Vlas. It is; but we must keep it; the shortening
Of his life might cost us cure from raging serfs
Who always have a faith in princes of
The throne.

Ber. In might require that price, save
In the dread necessity our orders have,
Which Heaven save us from!

Vlas. Yes, Heaven save us! the taking of a young
Princely life would leave a stain upon those
Hands which gloves of mail would not conceal
From proper eyes.

Ber. The Prince's services, who died last night,
I have supplied with the old man who stays
His sweeping notioning to the gate; his feeble age
Vlassief will be company with Ivan's
Solitary confinement. The guards are set.
(*To* Mirovitch). Have thou your charge, old man.

(*Exit* Mirovitch.

Vlas. All carefully Tcheverideef rules this
Corridor to-night; he has disposed
His guards on the extremities.

Ber. Then all is safe and we may now retire;
The fourth sit hourly on these hills. Come, Vlassief,
You are to look to the gates, and needless me
Should say stronger guard disturb
The dull steeds of this deadly corridor.

(*Exeunt* Bereditsef *and* Vlassief.

Enter Mirovitch, *as old man, supporting Prince* Ivan *through arch.*

Ivan. How fare you now, poor prisoner?

Ivan. Poorly, poorly. The walls are bare within
And cheerless. Only the misty dishonored light
Of day comes in to cast dim failure
Upon the walls; dark, dark, for nothing
Of sun, nor stars, nor eyes,
And sombrous have a power
To
You house the day?
The day was once, if thou'rt in her
Love, but for

Mirovitch *gave to sleep and returns with* Macarena, *disguised as the boy Tcheverideef, and not known as* Mirovitch *or* Macarena.

Macarena.

Here's a fair-faced youth,
Who, somewhere, like a summer bloom, has found
His way within these walls; shall he no light
And life to come a friend of Vlassief.

Ivan. Of age and gentle youth, both within
My sentenced cell, quite looking kindly on me.
Whose mother's this? [Macarena withdraws.

Macarena.

Oh, let me take your hand, good Prince,
And look upon you.

Ivan. How soft your touch, how suddenly you smile,
And queer to it is a dream! My mind goes back
To memory of a face like yours, to the old,
Old time.

Mach. Oh, thought I you had such
Memory of me, as I of you, this hour
Would fatten the cup of happiness, sparkling
More bright than the great crown your Spring-time
wore.

Ivan. I number to my mind—still keep your gaze
Upon me, it seems to fix my thoughts.
Save that her eye was Catharine's friend,
And helped to plunge me in this gloom;
How could his daughter be other than my foe?

Mach. Believe it not! She is and was and ever will be
Your foe, your damner—

Mirovitch (*aside*). What blunder have I made?
This, then, is Mashinka, and I have been
Her suitor to the Prince. (*Hides without.*

(*Coming forward.*) What sound is that?
Make speed with thee—I will return forthwith.

(*Exit* Mirovitch.

Mach. Quick, quick, dear Prince; although the Emperor
Wronged, I seek to right you:
If she imprisoned, I will free you.
Take this sentle, speed forth and pass
To liberty.

Ivan. Leaving you in bonds? Never; death is more
Welcome than the thought.

Mach. We'll never part. [*Embracing* Ivan.

Enter Bereditsef *and* Tcheveridef.

Ber. A slight mistake; this moment you part forever.

Tchev. 'Tis Mashinka, the exiled lady of the court.
I've neared her hither; she has stolen within
These walls, her chief, thanks to this hand, is thence
Excluded, to change and cruel his promises
Plot without. Siberia is her doom,
So runs the warrant of her banishment.

Ivan. Siberia!

Mach. Droop not, the sun may yet arise and shine;
Cheer thou, Prince!

Ivan. Thou art a light of life, no power can quench!

Tchev. Away with her, a petty traitor.

Ber. (*to* Tchev). The Prince's charge is yours;
The signet of Count Orloff which you bear,
Releases all and leaves with you his custody.

Tchev. I'll answer for it, life for life.

(*Exit* Bereditsef *with* Machinka.

Mira. (*to* Machinka *as she passes*). Be truer to the Prince than you have been
To me, or else—Beware!

(*Conceals himself.*

Tcheveridef.

Prince Ivan, can you discern the light of day?

Ivan. Faintly, I do, as if it died away:
No more! 'Tis long since your accursed voice
Spoke that fair lady's doom.

Tchev. And it will be lesser still! One flash and it will
Cease forever. Prince Ivan, your hour is come!

[*Draws his sword and advances*

Miro. (*advancing from his ambush*). Tcheveridef, thou liest! Traitor, 'tis thine!

Tchev. Who art thou, that darest thus
To cross the imperial will?

Miro. (*drawing his sword*). My orator
Is here! and it loud thunders "Death" to thee.
Take to your sword, I'll make no murder.

Tchev. Old man, thinkest thou thy feeble arm
Can cope with Russia's best swordsman?

Miro. Good swordsman, use thy strength.

(*They fight.*)

Tchev. Thou hast conquered me; let me go forth.

Miro. Never living shalt thou leave this cell.
Miserable wretch! false friend! assassin
In thine heart. My life was set upon this act
You would have marred. You must die.

Tchev. Art thou then—

Miro (*discovering himself*). Look on me, I am he—
He whom thou hast played the traitor to,
Wronged, betrayed and sought to crush. Take
To thy weapon once again. Get what chance thou
canst,
Thy doom is set, as was this noble Prince's.

Tchev. You see the powerful signet of Count Orloff!

Miro. The signets of fifty thousand counts could not
Unseal thy doom.

Tchev. Do you refuse to give me liberty?

Miro. Liberty for thee? Liberty for you, the sworn foe
Of all that's free? For you, the hound of state,
The pestilence of all that's noble?
The air is free, the plague can ask no privilege.
Liberty! ha, ha! Does the bear when close he holds
In his embrace, the slayer of his young,
Listen to the grim wolf's howl for liberty?
And when the lion, panged with fierce darts,
Crushes the hunter 'neath his paw, does he incline
His shaggy mane to hearken to his cry
For liberty? The only liberty for you
And such as you, is liberty to die,
And quickly; take to your sword.

[*They fight.* Tcheveridef *falls, wounded mortally.*]

Ivan (*advancing*). Who are you that champion thus so bravely
And so nobly, a poor unfriended man?

Miro. Your subject.

Ivan. I have no subject here.

Miro. Your loving and obedient subject,
Basil Mirovitch.

Ivan. No throne have I; the Empire's dead to me
And mine.

Miro. Not dead, for here is life in it in me.
Let me be first to pay my loyal due. [*Kneels.*

Ivan. Rise, Basil Mirovitch, I do accept you.

(*Noise without*

Miro. What noise is that? How danger thickens
Around my path. This tell-tale assassin
Must take to darkness. [*Hides body.*

Enter Bereditsef.

Ber. Old man, saw you Tcheveridef?
The forces of the Empress approach,
And he is sought for. To your cell, Prince Ivan.

Miro. (*aside*). The castle surrounded by the Imperial troops!

(*Aside to* Ivan, *as he is leading him off.*)

Be ready! I must hence; there's not a moment
To be lost. Farewell, farewell.
(*To* Ber.) I go to serve your Excellency.

Ber. Thanks, old man.

Exit Mirovitch, *followed by* Bereditsef.

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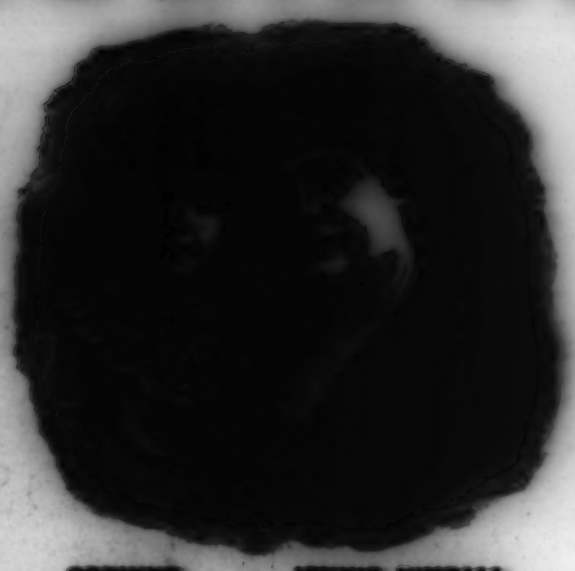

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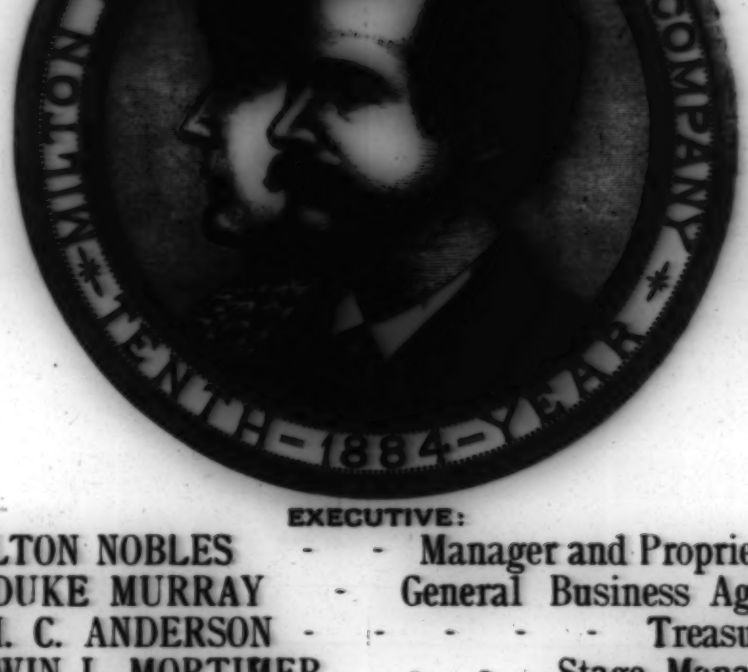

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A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

Which will enter upon its Seventh Consecutive Year.

No cloud so dark but sun doth shine behind it;
No wretch so lost but in his inmost breast
There burns a spark, let gentle love but find it,
Will warm to life, and make the finder blest.

AND

THE PHŒNIX

NEVER DIES.

GRAVES, the Bohemian, } TENTH YEAR. } MILTON NOBLES
BLUDSOE, the Phœnix } DOLLIE NOBLES
SADIE, the Flower Girl

Fabled in mythology and fame,
From its own ashes doth our symbol rise;
Crowned with a decade of flame,
Lo! see, "The Phœnix never dies."

Every Member of this Powerful Company will appear in the Cast of each Play.

This Company acts only in the famed Dramatic Specialties written by Milton Nobles, and with which

HIS NAME IS INSEPARABLY LINKED.

Time all Filled for a Season of 35 Weeks.

Farewell Flying Tour of America!

Now playing in San Francisco at the Baldwin to the largest Minstrel business ever known on the Coast. The cry of dull times ineffective. Every night a holiday performance. Every performance a festival.

Callender's | Spectacular | Minstrel

Callender's | Colored | Festival.

GUSTAVE AND CHARLES FROHMAN, Proprietors. WILLIAM WELCH, Manager.

Aggregating the combined forces of the celebrated

Callender's Minstrels, Hyers Sisters' Company, European (late Haverly's) Minstrels.

SAN FRANCISCO ENGAGEMENT EXTENDED.

The Entire Tour Westward a Triumphant Tribute.

THE ONLY Company accepted by R. E. J. Miles as the fitting minstrel exponents for the grand Minstrel Festival to be held at the Cincinnati Music Hall in January.

THE ONLY Minstrel Company which has ever played at Abbey's Grand Opera House, New York City.

THE ONLY Company accepted by the prominent managers of Paris (France) theatres.

THE ONLY Company ever honored with the distinction of an imperative return to London by Royal command.

THE ONLY legitimate Minstrel Company on earth.

"THE FAVORITE OF SOCIETY,"

RHIÉA

Under the Management of **ARTHUR B. CHASE.**

SEASON - - - - - - - - - - 1883-84

Second Starring Tour of the Beautiful, Emotional

BERTHA WELBY,

Supported by a Company of Legitimate Artists, under the Management of H. A. D'ARCY.

REPERTOIRE:

NANCY SYKES, JANE SHORE, CAMILLE,
ADRIENNE, JULIA, ROSALIND.

OLIVER TWIST will be the *piece de resistance*, MISS WELBY appearing as Nancy Sykes, in which character she has no living equal, every Saturday night and at the request of Managers. TIME ALL FILLED. Address

12 Union Square, New York.

FRANK GIBSON, REPRESENTATIVE.

THE EDWARDS FOLLY CO.

In the New Operatic Comedy,

"NEXT!" "MOTHS." "NEXT!"

Agonizingly Funny and Hysterically Serious! Sparkling Music! Exhilarating Fun!

The organization and equipment of this company has been conducted in the most careful manner, and in presenting it to the amusement patrons of the United States, the management feel certain of hearty recognition, such as will always obtain.

THE COMPANY: KATE FOLEY, the favorite Operatic Soubrette, late of the Ha[illegible]; MARIE MOORE, Prima Donna Soprano, late of Conservatory of Milan; POLLY McDONALD (BAB[illegible]), the Fascinating Parisian Artiste; CONNOR ROACH, the Popular Irish Comedian, late of the principal theatres of San Francisco; GEORGE W. TURNER, the Premier Grotesque Character Actor of America; and others of equal merit and acknowledged popularity with the public. Season of 40 weeks begins Sept 17. Time rapidly filling, but managers of first-class theatres send open dates quick to SAMUEL EDWARDS, Manager, 201 E. 25th Street, New York City.

J. J. COLEMAN.....Business Manager. H. W. STEVENS.....Treasurer

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HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

R. M. HOOLEY, Manager.

A CARD

To Managers of Combinations

Having been informed that it is reported in New York and elsewhere that Hooley's Theatre is too small for first-class stars and combinations, I beg leave to submit (for the information of those who are in doubt on the subject) the following incontrovertible statement of facts:

The season of 1882-3 commenced on August 12, 1882, and ended on July 21, 1883, being a season of fifty consecutive weeks, with the following result. Gross receipts, $300,150; average per week, $3,011.60; and I doubt if there are many theatres in the country can make a better showing.

J. K. Emmet's week of seven performances, commencing Oct. 2, 1882, netted $9,270.45, being an average of over $1,317 for each performance, including the Saturday matinee.

In view of these INDISPUTABLE FACTS I maintain that Hooley's Theatre is not too small for any first-class star or combination. Respectfully,

R. M. HOOLEY.

TIME ALL FILLED UP TO MAY, 1884.

1883. 1884.

JOHN F. WARD,

The Celebrated Irish Comedian, supported by a carefully selected company under the management of

D. R. ALLEN,

In Fred G. Maeder's Latest Success of

"TOP O' THE MORNING,"

Has proved a

DECIDED SUCCESS!

PRESS AND PUBLIC IN ITS FAVOR.

WILL J. DUFFY,

Business Manager.

[*From the Chicago Daily Inter Ocean, Sunday, August* 5, 1883.]

MARGARET MATHER.

Manager J. H. McVicker makes an official announcement from his theatre that will be read with pleasure by the admirers of one of the most gifted actresses the stage has at this time. The prospectus says:

"It is with a superlative degree of pleasure that we announce the second appearance of this talented young actress at McVicker's Theatre, in the character of Juliet, on Monday, August 27. Though one year has now elapsed since her debut in the character of Juliet at this theatre, no attempt has been made to render her the medium for a comprehensive and connected review. Yet, if any actress be allowed to fill a station thus conspicuous and important, Margaret Mather has undoubtedly the best claim to the distinction, not only from her preeminence as a dramatic artiste, but from the intimate relation which her work bears to the manners, customs and superstitions of the Shakespearean age. Coming to us, as she did, when the lamented Neilson was still fresh in the memory of all, and in the character in which Miss Neilson gained the applause and admiration of two continents, was a crucifying ordeal through which no woman could pass successfully, except she be possessed of that 'something'—call it genius, magnetism, inspiration, what you will—to infuse throughout her whole work that degree of unity and integrity, of relative proportion and just bearing, without which neither harmony, simplicity nor effect can be expected or produced. During her engagement of three weeks at this theatre last season Miss Mather played the character of Juliet eleven times, turning people away the last performance.

"In Boston, the most critical city in this country, Miss Mather played the same character fifteen times with the same result. During her season, covering thirty-seven weeks, she appeared in the character of Juliet 122 times, thereby gaining for herself a record, artistically as well as financially, which no woman has ever made in this character in the dramatic history of this country.

"In applauding the efforts and achievements of this young girl of 21 Summers, it is not my aim to place her in the foreground of any picture, or to decry the honest endeavors of those who have been less successful; but as the divine spark of her genius shed its first ray of light upon an intelligent community at this theatre, and as that community was the first to place its stamp of approval upon her efforts, it is deemed no ordinary privilege that an opportunity is afforded to speak truthfully and encouragingly of one who has thus far shown a constant and direct tendency toward the development of Shakespeare—the greatest work that the human mind has ever given to the civilized world."